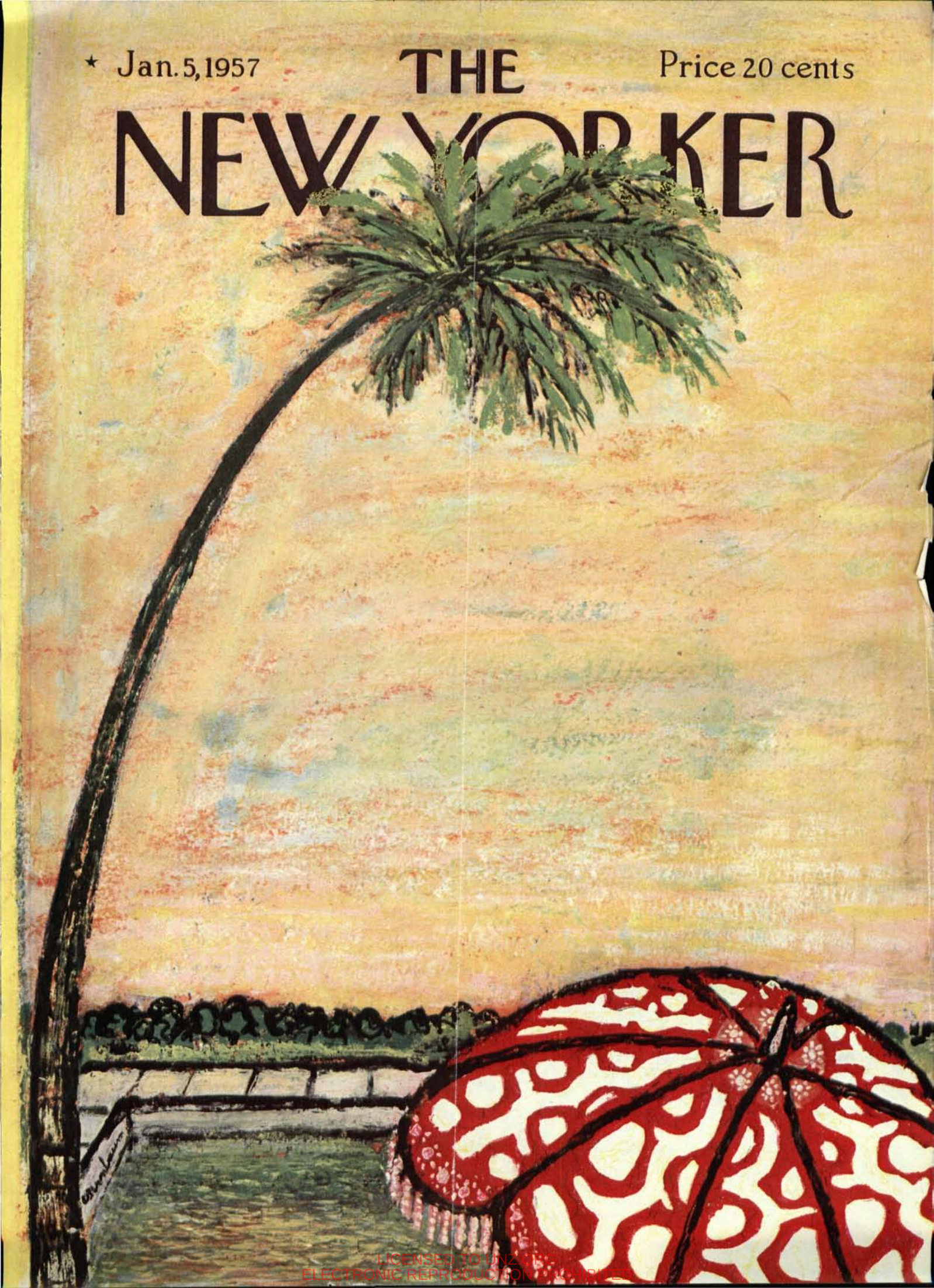


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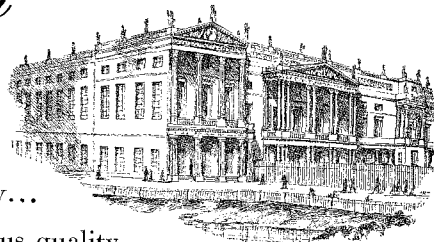
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE APPLE CART—Maurice Evans speaks with his usual precision in this rather minor and extremely dated Shaw play about a struggle between a King and his Cabinet. Signe Hasso, Claudia Morgan, Mercer McLeod, and Charles Carson are among His Majesty's more or less loyal opposition. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

AUNTIE MAME—Anyone who delights in comedies about eccentric relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves depressed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast, directed by Morton Da Costa, includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. Oliver Smith designed the sets. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GIRLS OF SUMMER—A practically incomprehensible play by N. Richard Nash, in which Shelley Winters, Pat Hingle, Lenka Peterson, and Arthur Storch operate in stylized confusion. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

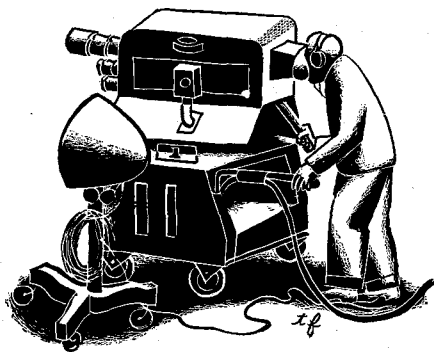
THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, which he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle, and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero, and beautifully enacted by a cast that includes Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see this season. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

MAJOR BARBARA—Shaw's provocative play about poverty considered as a crime has been given a stunning production, with Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns, and Eli Wallach in the leading roles. Mr. Laughton directed, and Donald Oenslager designed the unusually effective sets. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OLD VIC COMPANY—The final performances in a twelve-week repertory of Shakespearean plays. "Troilus and Cressida," with Jeremy Brett and Rosemary Harris, Thursday, Jan. 3, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12. . . . "Richard II," with John Neville and Claire Bloom, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, and Monday, Jan. 7. . . . "Macbeth," with Paul Rogers and Coral Browne, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 8-9. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with John Neville and Claire Bloom, Thursday, Jan. 10. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PROTECTIVE CUSTODY—A play by Howard Richardson and William Berney, starring Faye Emerson. Directed by Herbert Berghof and produced by Anderson Lawler, in association with Will Lester Productions. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE—An anemic import from Britain that tries—with no particular success—to make something comic of an ambitious mother's efforts to maneuver her seventeen-year-old daughter into a stylish marriage. In the leading roles are Wilfrid Hyde White, Anna Massey, Brenda Forbes, and John Merivale. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SAINT JOAN—Siobhan McKenna has the central role in a rather self-conscious revival of Shaw's most famous play, which was a recent offering of the Phoenix Theatre, on Second Avenue, and is now being presented on Broadway for a two-week engagement. The rest of the cast includes Kent Smith, Frederic Tozere, and Michael Wager. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:15. Matinee Saturday at 2:15. Closes Saturday, Jan. 5.)

SEPARATE TABLES—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are highly efficient in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. The cast includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SPEAKING OF MURDER—Reasonably exciting carryings on about a lady who is planning to suffocate another lady in a vault. Estelle Winwood and Brenda de Banzie are starred,

and Audrey and William Roos thought up the villainy. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

UNCLE WILLIE—Menasha Skulnik is in the form that has always delighted his admirers in this thin little comedy about a peddler who does his best to fix up everybody's life. Julie Berns and Irving Elman are the authors, Robert Douglas directed, and the cast includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK: A Dutch girl's chronicle of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doranne. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND**: An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MATCHMAKER**: Ruth Gordon is the star and Thornton Wilder the author of this rough-house comedy. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are also in the cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**: Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who falls in love with a girl half his age. Edward G. Robinson has one of the leading roles, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 6.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS**: All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Charles Hohman is the hero right now, and Myron McCormick and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

BELLS ARE RINGING—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good and so is the score by Jule Styne. Staged by Jerome Robbins and Bob Fosse, the play has sets by Raoul Pène duBois. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CANDIDE—A musical version of Voltaire's classic satire, with a book by Lillian Hellman, a score by Leonard Bernstein, and lyrics mainly by Richard Wilbur. It is generally spectacular but unfortunately not always very entertaining. The cast, directed by Tyrone Guthrie, includes Max Adrian, Robert Rounseville, Barbara Cook, and Irra Petina. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAPPY HUNTING—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for all of us, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LI'L ABNER—The clumping, dim-witted hillbillies

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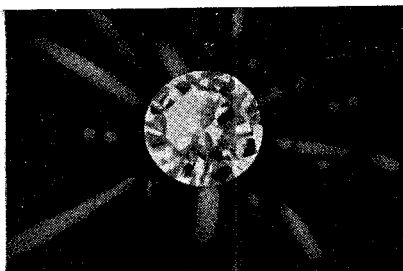
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who populate the cartoon strip of Al Capp are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy includes lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2:30.)

THE MOST HAPPY FELLA—Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." It is a generally brilliant job, though some may feel it is a little over-operatic for Broadway. Robert Weede (Richard Torrig substitutes for him at the matinee performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—DAMN YANKEES: About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gretchen Wyler, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MR. WONDERFUL:** Sammy Davis, Jr., in something to do with the triumph of a night-club entertainer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison plays Professor Higgins and Julie Andrews is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

SMALL WAR ON MURRAY HILL—Jan Sterling and Leo Genn in a comedy by the late Robert E. Sherwood. Presented by the Playwrights' Company and directed by Garson Kanin. Opens Thursday, Jan. 3. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Through Sunday, Jan. 6: "La Bohème." ... Starting Friday, Jan. 11: "La Forza del Destino." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—Ben Bagley's excellent revue, "Shoestring '57," with sketches, lyrics, and music by some eighteen contributors, among them Bud McCreery, Mike Stewart, Charles Strouse, and Lee Adams. The cast includes Dody Goodman, Dorothy Greener, Charlie Manna, and Fay De Witt. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE—Beatrice Straight, Peter Cookson, and Gene Lyons in "The River Line," a new play by Charles Morgan. Directed by Stuart Vaughan. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, 889 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Mary Welch, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre in a cast under the direction of Philip Burton. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40;

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Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

FOURTH STREET THEATRE—Phyllis Love in August Strindberg's "Easter," translated by Elizabeth Sprigge. Previews Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 9-12, at 8:40, and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:40 and 8:40. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 16. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710.)

JAN HUS HOUSE—Bill Gunn in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirkier is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Uta Hagen in Bertolt Brecht's play "The Good Woman of Setzuan," in a new English version by Eric Bentley, who also directed it. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE—A Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, presented by the Light Opera Theatre. Starting Friday, Jan. 4: "Patience." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Fridays through Sundays at 8:40.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Twelfth Night," directed by Philip Lawrence. Opens Friday, Jan. 4. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas and James Mitchell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE EAST—Molière's comedy "The Misanthrope," in a verse translation by Richard Wilbur. With Ellis Rabb and Jacqueline Brookes. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 3: "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony." ... Friday evening, Jan. 4: "Divertimento No. 15," "Prodigal Son," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Pied Piper." ... Saturday matinee, Jan. 5: "Interplay," "Firebird," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Fanfare." ... Saturday evening, Jan. 5: "Swan Lake,"

"The Still Point," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Symphony in C." ... Sunday matinee, Jan. 6: "Divertimento No. 15," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... Sunday evening, Jan. 6: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Dix," and "Pied Piper." ... Tuesday evening, Jan. 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Swan Lake," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." ... Wednesday evening, Jan. 9: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Symphony in C." ... Thursday evening, Jan. 10: "Four Temperaments," "Swan Lake," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Pied Piper." ... Friday evening, Jan. 11: "Con Amore," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." ... Saturday matinee, Jan. 12: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." ... Saturday evening, Jan. 12: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinees at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

CARMEN AMAYA—With her company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM—With his company, in a dance recital. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD DANCE THEATRE—With Joseph Bloch, piano, and the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Prausnitz. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

MISCELLANY

RUTH DRAPER—In a program of monologues, which are varied weekly. Presented by Bowden, Barr & Bullock. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

JUDY GARLAND—With dancers Giselle and François Szony, comedian Alan King, and others, in a variety show. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Final performance Tuesday, Jan. 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The décor of the lofty Bowman Room is a reminder of a more leisurely era, and so is the dance music that trickles from Eddie Lane's orchestra and Nick D'Amico's foursome. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All about the care, feeding, and photographing of goldfish. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band buzz like mad night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A chance to get into two acts for the price of one is offered in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper—dancing with Galena, the establishment's imported singer, and clowning with the Dornan Brothers, the local vaudevillians. An orchestra operated by Joseph Sudy chortles away whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays. ... A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Another import, Annie Cordy, is singing at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, where the orchestra and glee club of Ted





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Straeter—Beau Brummell, pianist, and sometimes tenor—and Mark Monte's clutch of musicians are in action the rest of the evening. Miss C. has the benefit of a French-soubrette state of mind; some of the American songs that were given her for Christmas should probably be returned to the senders. She will make her final appearance on Tuesday, Jan. 8. Lillian Roth, autobiographer and balladier, arrives next evening. Closed Sundays. . . . After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximilian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing. . . . The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—So many Lombardos nest in the Grill at night that it's easier to dance to their twitterings than it is to just talk. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, where pomp and circumstance are the order of the evening, is presenting yet another import—Connie Towers, on loan from our great sister republic of Texas. She's tall, handsome, and vocal. In between her dinner and supper recitals, the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their galloping dance music. Miss Towers will waltz out of town on Wednesday, Jan. 9; next evening, Doretta Morrow will take on the singing chore. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has a permanent lease on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jimmy Dorsey's big buoyant swing shift will be leaving the Café Rouge on Thursday, Jan. 3. Ray McKinley and the Glenn Miller band have reservations for the following evening. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The world of pleasure as you see it on television, right down to the very last guest shot, commercial, and malapropism. Two bands play ticktacktoe in one corner.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Constance Bennett, a notably slim princess, shows the dinner and supper guests how she keeps herself conditioned—song, chatter, and dance, with the aid of a brace of gentleman acolytes. Salvatore Gioè's band and Panchito's rumba men start turning out dance music at eight.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Man is born to trouble, say the tense little couplets of Lena Horne, who looks and sounds as if she meant every word of them. This neat bit of spellbinding is available at dinner and supper in the Empire Room; Nat Brandwynne's milk-and-honey orchestra and Mischka Borr's band function all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . Week-days, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio belonging to Bernie Leighton concoct sitting-down music from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one; Mr. Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

NOTE—The quickest way of getting away from it all is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, you can watch restless New York turning into a Jack and the Beanstalk. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pasture, complete with tree, where the browsing is decorous indeed. Addison Bailey's cocktail, dinner, and supper piano is in keeping with the mood. Sundays, Paul Morse fills in for him. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12

55th St. (PL 3-9425): An established hot-house, well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. George Rosner dishes up a placid dinner-and-supper obligato at the piano; a flamenco guitarist helps out late in the evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano in the midst of the Southern-style county fair that occupies his neat bar-and-grill, returns to town on Sunday, Jan. 6. Until then, Wayne Sanders, his alter ego at the instrument, will be spelled by Otis Clements. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The pianist Paul Schlesinger and the violinist Herman Honigsberg, classicists to their fingertips, lend quiet enchantment to a dignified dinner hour that lasts until one in the morning. Greta Keller, our permanent ambassadress from Vienna, arrives around eleven to sing her songs, which are nostalgic to their fingertips. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the tableside telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven, and fiery Andalusian from then until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style) that includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The piano music in the bar is the work of Jules Kuti, who favors sweetness and light. It begins at the cocktail hour; curfew is at eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Lovey Powell, who goes hand in glove with this casual East Side sort of hideaway, is putting a lot more nervous energy into her late-evening ballads. Don Evans' protean performance on the piano winds up on Saturday, Jan. 5. Brooks Morton, the other soloist, stays on, and Carl Norman will check in on Monday, Jan. 7, to help him out. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with parlor piano from dinner to supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A bustling music-with-every-course deal that sounds most dulcet when a six-man band is tootling Lehar. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776):

Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Chiefly for young folk who like to just sit around and talk. Someone or other is always at the piano.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Two perfect specimens of night-blooming flora are Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder), who make up their own music, their own lyrics, and their own jokes by the hour. Also around are T. C. Jones, doing transvestite caricatures that must be taken with a grain of salt, which is supplied by his dialogue; Will Holt, who may well be the funniest young man ever to lay hands on a guitar and a folk song; and Bea Arthur, a mordant girl who discusses, not without humor, her own list of people who never would be missed. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard are just right. The Davises, incidentally, aren't there Mondays. . . . In the lounge, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a breakfast-with-the-Davises session from 2 to 4 A.M., at which the Lyonses sit in. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, our own Little Buttercup, is giving her raffish ditties that fine old hop-skip-and-jump treatment. Abbey Lincoln, the rest of the cast, represents a newer *schola cantorum*. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Words of great wisdom, spoken almost entirely in jest. They were written mostly by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery; they are spoken by June Ericson, a pearl of great price, and her precocious playmates—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews. The occasion is the latest of Julius Monk's portmanteau revues, for which the pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard finds this a handy place to go right out of her witty little mind, which (since practice makes perfect) she does with neatness and dispatch. There are also Tony and Eddie, whose parodies trample on the clay feet of many a recording star; the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels; and the piano soliloquies of Warren Vaughan. It's best to go late, and be prepared to stay late. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey, who holds the floor most of the evening, has messages for all of us, so deftly garbled in transmission that the end product is not only utter confusion but utter joy. Among the other troupers are Lola Fisher, a lyric young lady, and the team of Cindy and Lindy, whose conversation is often entertaining. To the rear, the Norman Paris trio thinks up its unique evening-dress syncopation. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The eminent Cy Walter's piano études appear on the dinner and supper menu of this small and pleasurable world, and the equally eminent Mabel Mercer arrives after ten-thirty to give the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special reading in her understanding contralto. Sam Hamilton, Miss M.'s perennial accompanist, helps out at the piano late in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED CARPET**, 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): An elbow-rubbing sort of deal, but apt to be fun. Bobby Short, the perkier troubadour of the night people, has his trio, his piano, and his Benzedrine ballads all working their heads off for him late in the evening. Sunday, his vacation time, it is more than likely that Sheila Barrett, a fond memory of our salad days, will be delivering her shoptalk on bores she has known. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the pianos in the bar. There's also other merriment, in the



song-and-patter line. Sundays there are also ancient movies; Mondays are amateur-talent nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): At half-hour intervals, Wild Bill Davison's horn blasts off in no uncertain terms. Following his lead are Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (off and on) Mr. Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. The intermissions are beautifully bridged by Johnny Varro and Buzzy Drootin, a piano-and-drum corps; on Thursdays, Bud Freeman's saxophone converts it into a trio. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. ... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Tyree Glenn, Jo Jones, Tommy Potter, and Dick Katz, who have been amusing everyone with the brash, gleeful music that made this grotto famous, will be saying goodbye on Saturday, Jan. 5. The Alex Kallao trio, which fills in the chinks, goes, too. On Monday, Jan. 7, Jonah Jones' quartet and Russ Haddock's trio will report. The music starts at nine. There's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, the important thing is the trio presided over by Jack Elliott, whose current-idiom piano bristles with ideas. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A few durable friends of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo assemble, under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted, to talk over the good old days. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. ... **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Another busy weekend (Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5) at this bustling crossroads. The meeting of great minds will bring together the debating teams of Gerry Mulligan and J. J. Johnson. The topic is "Tomorrow's Music Tonight." ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Shep Shepard, Benny Moten, and Sonny White keep green the memory of a glorious old yesteryear. Don Frye is the solo pianist. The place is shut tight Sundays; Mondays are devoted to jam sessions. ... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the bar—the raison d'être is the sound produced by Marian McPartland's trio, which has its eye on the future, and Eddie Heywood's threesome, which represents an earlier decade. The McPartlands are off Sundays; the Heywoods are off Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to around nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Fair and much cooler is the prospect for the rapt listeners who assemble here. Chris Connor, a jazz singer of distinction and individuality, is the oriole; the Modern Jazz Quartet and the group called Les Modes are the musicians. They're around except Monday, when guest artists assemble to make jam. As of Thursday, Jan. 10, the place will be turned over to Buddy De Franco's quintet, Charles Mingus's quartet, and the Mitchell-Ruff duet. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is a trio led by Joe Castro, who performs amazing feats of legerdemain on his piano in the course of working out his own progressive philosophy. Frannie Thorne, the interlude pianist, is also an experimentalist. The music begins at nine. No action Mondays. ... **THE PLAYROOM**, 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): A new listeners' gallery, no bigger than a thin dime. The music of the incumbent trios—Cy Coleman's and Billy Taylor's—presents a probably accurate and unquestionably intelligible forecast of the shape of things to come. The Colemans lay off Sundays; the Taylors lay off Mondays. ... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie, even in its most unreconstructed form, could never have been quite as unruly as this. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Buck Clayton, Marty Napoleon, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the prime movers in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Jimmy McPartland,



Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and Russell Moore. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend contact with early times. Among the first citizens due on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, are the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Art Trappier, and Panama Francis. ... **VOYAGER ROOM**, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): This faction of the Henry Hudson Hotel secedes to the Solid South between nine and one, when Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, and his five-man posse (Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres are among the deputy sheriffs) keep the heat turned on. There is also an instrumental trio of lady muses who are definitely not from Dixie. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DARREL AUSTIN—Twenty-nine pastels (figures, animals, and landscapes) done in 1956; through Feb. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GIFFORD BEAL—A big, inclusive, generally interesting memorial exhibition of paintings and other works by the American artist, who died last year; through Feb. 15. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MAX BECKMANN—Water colors and drawings by this leader of the German Expressionist school; through Jan. 19. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—Fourteen recent canvases, plus some other works, all done with a somewhat lighter touch than heretofore; through Jan. 19. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALFEO FAGGI—Sculptures (religious bas-reliefs chiefly) in bronze and plaster, as well as drawings of nudes; through Jan. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

DAVID HARE—A set of new sculptures, some of them indicating a trend toward the figurative in style; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH—Seventeen wood and stone carvings, five bronzes, and a group of drawings in oil and pencil by the British sculptress; through Jan. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—Twenty-eight of the German abstract painter's gouaches and water colors; starting Saturday, Jan. 5. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

JACOB LAWRENCE—The first thirty tempera panels in a projected series of sixty on "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Jan. 19. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER—"Major Themes," an exhibit of oils painted by the French abstractionist from the year 1909 until his death in 1955; through Feb. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MIRÓ AND ARTIGAS—A show entitled "Sculpture in Ceramic," consisting of over thirty free forms, delightfully fanciful in spirit, that were created by Miró and fashioned by him and Artigas; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

SUE MITCHELL—Landscapes, mostly, done in a broadly Impressionist, luminously colorful style; through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—"The Forest" has served as the theme of her most recent sculptures in wood; starting Friday, Jan. 4. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—Marines, still-lives, landscapes, figures, and Biblical paintings from his late years (1942-54); through Feb. 2. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Lithographs, the earliest ones done in 1921 and the latest in 1956; through Jan. 19. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

ZOLTAN SEPESEHY—Paintings in oil and in gouache and tempera, by the head of the department of painting at Cranbrook Academy, in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan; through Jan. 19. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

JOE WOLINS—Agreeably animated drawings of Haitian scenes; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

PRINTS—Approximately forty examples by fourteenth- to twentieth-century masters, including Rembrandt, Goya, and Braque; through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Knoodler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ART TREASURES FOR A SMALL MUSEUM—Fifty paintings, sculptures, and other works in a running survey, ranging in period from ancient Egyptian to the present, for the benefit of the Staten Island Museum; through Monday, Jan. 7. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Recent paintings by, among others, John Heliker, Louis Bouché, and Andrée Ruellan; through Saturday, Jan. 5. ... **PANORAS**, 62 W. 56th St.: Dorothy Rose, Irving Abram, and Harlan Jackson are three of the six painters with 1956 work on view; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) ... **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Each of the thirty-two gallery members has contributed a single painting or sculpture to a "Preview for '57"; through Saturday, Jan. 5. ... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings, water colors, and oils by Milton Avery, Charles Heidenreich, Ben Benn, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) ... **TANAGER**, 90 E. 10th St.: Twenty-six artists currently working on 10th Street (including Giorgio Cavallon, Philip Guston, and Angelo Ippolito) are represented in an exhibit of twenty-six paintings and sculptures; through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils and water colors by American, French, and German painters, including Schmidt-Rottluff, Kokoschka, Soulages, and Vytlačil; through Jan. 24. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) ... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A large group of artists (Marin, Pissarro, and Mary Callery, for instance) are showing sculptures, drawings, and water colors; through Saturday, Jan. 12.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Gregorio Prestopino; starting Monday, Jan. 7. ... **BARONE**, 202 E. 51st St.: Geoffrey Holder; starting Thursday, Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) ... **GALERIA SUDAMERICANA**, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St.: Eudoro Silva; starting Monday, Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) ... **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: Roy F. Lichtenstein; starting Tuesday, Jan. 8. ... **KOOTZ**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Hans Hofmann; starting Monday, Jan. 7. ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: American sculptures; starting Monday, Jan. 7. ... **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Balthus; starting Tuesday, Jan. 8. ... **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: José Guerrero; starting Monday, Jan. 7. ... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Joseph Greenberg; starting Monday, Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot-long panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than fifty European paintings and sculptures, including works by Brancusi, Nolde, Bacon, Soutine, and others; through Jan. 20. ... Paintings and drawings by Balthus, a French artist of Polish descent; through Feb. 3. ... A showing of oils, water colors, and drawings by Jackson Pollock (1912-56);

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Debutantes' Ball at the Casa de España in San Juan, the capital of Puerto Rico. Just beyond this ballroom are a library, an art gallery and a swimming pool. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt. ►





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Feb. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of a hundred and thirty objects of early-Egyptian art (wood sculpture, stone relief, faience, silver, and bronze) acquired by the Museum during the past five years; through March 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Two medieval illuminated manuscripts, one a tiny Book of Hours once owned by Jeanne d'Evreux, Queen of France, and the other a prayer book that belonged to Jean, Duke of Berry, Prince of France, on display for the first time; through Feb. 24. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Works in various mediums by twenty-five Puerto Rican artists; starting Monday, Jan. 7. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1956 annual showing of sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings, comprising a hundred and ninety-two items by as many artists; through Sunday, Jan. 6. . . . The M. and M. Karolik collection of American genre paintings (1815-65), on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; starting Wednesday, Jan. 9. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Ernani," with Zinka Milanov, Mario Del Monaco, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Rosalind Elias, Daniele Barioni, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Margaret Roggero, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill. . . . Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Delia Rigal, Richard Tucker, George London, and Salvatore Baccaloni. . . . Monday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, George London, and Jon Crain. . . . Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Laurel Hurley, Belen Amaran, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Martial Singher. . . . Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giuseppe Campora, Walter Cassel, and Lorenzo Alvaro. . . . Friday, Jan. 11, at 8: "La Périochole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Paul Franke. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2: "Carmen," with Risé Stevens, Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, and Frank Guarrera. . . . Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Hilde Gueden, Rosalind Elias, Giorgio Tozzi, and George London.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 4, at 2:30 (both with Alexander Brailowsky, piano); and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:45, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2:30 (both with Mr. Bernstein acting as piano soloist). . . . Igor Stravinsky conducting an all-Stravinsky program on Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 11, at 2:30 (both with Vera Zorina, narrator; Richard Robinson, tenor; and the Westminster Choir.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Richard Burgin conducting. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8:45, no soloists; and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:30,

with Nancy Carr, soprano. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30, with Ruth Posselt, violin.)

SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—Igor Markevitch conducting a program of Russian music. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman conducting Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," in concert form, and "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," with Eileen Farrell and Mattiwilda Dobbs, sopranos, and others. (Town Hall, Monday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

PETITE MESSE SOLENNELLE—Rossini's work presented by a chorus under the direction of Frederic Waldman, with Adele Addison, soprano; Beatrice Krebs, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Frank Brieff directing. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA ANTIQUA—A concert of medieval music. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, Thursday and Friday, Jan. 3-4, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

GRILLER QUARTET—With William Primrose, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:40.)

BYRON JANIS—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

MILDRED DILLING—Harp. (Town Hall, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 5:30.)

BENNO MOISEWITSCH—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—The second and third in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 5, and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:40.)

MUSICIANS' GUILD—Leonard Rose, cello; Artur Balsam, piano; David Glazer, clarinet; the Kroll Quartet; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8:40.)

ROCOCO ENSEMBLE—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

FESTIVAL QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8:40, with Stewart Sankey, double bass. . . . Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

NATALIE RYSHNA—Piano. (Town Hall, Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

RUGGIERO RICCI—Violin. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The Budapest String Quartet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. SP 7-2000, Ext. 618. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Hunter College As-



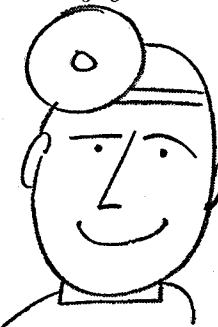
if you're feeling very well



or if you're feeling queerly



if it's living you want most

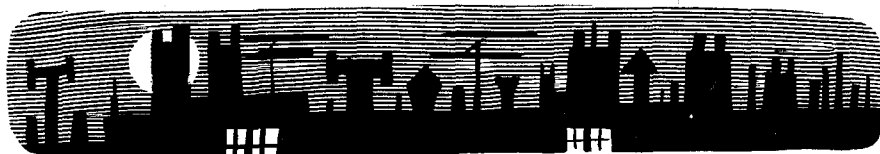


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Vienna Octet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 8, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Bob Baker vs. Harold Carter, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Jan. 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (Hotel Belmont Plaza, Lexington Ave. at 49th St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, from 10 to 10.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago. ... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 6, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. ... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Indoor Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday, Jan. 5.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

SKATING—Finals of the Silver Skates competitions. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 3-4, and Monday through Friday, Jan. 7-11, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.) ... ¶ United States Open Singles Championship. (Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, L.I. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 10 and 4, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 11 and 4. For information about tickets, call MU 6-6543.)

TENNIS—Matches to be played by both amateurs and professionals, including Dick Savitt, Budge Patty, Don Budge, and Jack Kramer. The proceeds will go to a fund being raised for Art Larsen, the former national champion, who was severely injured in an accident. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:15. Tickets may be obtained at John Jarrell's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St., and the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—By the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Lorin Hollander, twelve-year-old pianist, and Doris Allen, sixteen-year-old violinist. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 11.)

BALLET—The Begg's Ballet presenting "Cinderella" and "The Big Top." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1956 and previews astronomical events for 1957. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) ... ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink,

in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER—He will deliver his State of the Union address to a joint session of Congress on Thursday, Jan. 10, at around 12:30. The speech will be carried by all major radio and television networks.

UNITED NATIONS—With the world in such a state of upheaval, it's hard to say just what topic will be engaging the organization's attention at any given moment. However, meetings of one kind or another are held almost daily, and a limited number of tickets to them are available, but only to visitors who apply in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. It is very likely that some of the more important sessions will be covered by television; the best advice on that score is to consult the daily papers. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... 4 Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

DRAMA READINGS—A company of actors reading Christopher Fry's "The Firstborn," a verse play, presented for the first time in this country. A benefit for the Aline Bernstein Memorial Fund. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8:40.)

CREATIVE AMERICANA—Original manuscripts, musical scores, paintings, photographs, and other items having to do with many of the founders and more recent members of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, including Mark Twain, Eugene O'Neill, Walter Damrosch, and Winslow Homer; through Feb. 15. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

AMERICAN LITERATURE—The changes in American literature since 1917 are illustrated in this display of novels, poems, and plays that have won the Pulitzer Prize during the last forty years; through Feb. 3. (The Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6:30; Saturdays, 10 to 4; Sundays, noon to 5.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—Mostly American, French, and English furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than a hundred dealers, plus several complete room settings, including an eighteenth-century French drawing room; an American Federal dining room; and an Oriental curio shop. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Monday through Friday, Jan. 7-11, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Jan. 12, from 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Library, containing medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts; early printed books; bindings; literary manuscripts by Pope, Keats, Dickens, and others; and drawings by such artists as Filippino Lippi, Rubens, Fragonard, and Gainsborough. Through Jan. 16. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Georgian furniture and decorations; American country furniture in pine, maple, and cherry; and Chelsea and Worcester porcelains. The property of Mrs. Watson B. Dickerman and others. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, Jan. 3-4, from 10 to 5; auction, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, at 1:45.) ... 1051 FIFTH AVE.: Part I of the Mrs. John E. Rovensky collection—English and French furniture, including Elizabethan, Jacobean, Carolean, and eighteenth-century pieces; paintings by Boucher, Watteau, Lawrence, and other artists; tapestries; silver; English table porcelains; Oriental rugs and a Louis XIV Savonnerie carpet; and objects of art—will be on exhibit at this address prior to exhibition and sale (Jan. 12-19) at the Parke-Bernet Galleries. (Exhibition hours: Sunday and Monday, Jan. 6-7, from 10 to 5:30. An admission charge will be made for the benefit of the International Rescue Committee for Hungarian relief.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



which is in the grip of an epidemic of spotted fever. A French film adapted from a story by Jean-Paul Sartre and directed by Yves Allégret. Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan head an estimable cast, which includes a good many native Mexicans. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 7, tentative.)

TEA AND SYMPATHY—Adapted from Robert Anderson's play of a couple of years ago, this film is a moving account of the difficulties of an adolescent schoolboy whose fellows mistakenly regard him as homosexual and a compassionate woman who surrenders herself to him to demonstrate that he's as normal as the next one. Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are excellent as the sympathetic matron and the troubled youngster, respectively, and Leif Erickson is satisfactory as the lady's oxlike husband. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 9.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, as you might expect, which goes on for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

WAR AND PEACE—Audrey Hepburn is Natasha, Henry Fonda is Pierre, Mel Ferrer is Andrey, Napoleon loses, and the enterprise lasts, if anyone wants the correct time, three hours and twenty-eight minutes. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Jan. 6.... Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Jan. 8, tentative.... Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 9.... Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 9, tentative.)

WEE GEORDIE—The story of a youthful weak-

ling in Scotland who gets as mighty as Man Mountain Dean by devoting his spare time to a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the greatest hammer thrower ever seen. A British film that moves along amiably and has the benefit of some lovely Scottish scenery. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gersen, and Paul Young are happy as the principals. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 8-9.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney's mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 6-7.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (1937)—Queen Elizabeth and the Armada. Vivien Leigh, Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier, and Raymond Massey. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Jan. 3, tentative.)

GUYS AND DOLLS (1955)—Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine, and Jean Simmons in a reworking of the Runyon and Loesser stage success. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Jan. 4-7, tentative.)

HOLIDAY FOR HENRIETTA (1955)—Julien Duvivier's French film describing how movie scripts get written. Dany Robin, Michel Roux, and Hildegard Neff. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 8-9.)

I AM A CAMERA (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 4-5.)

THE KILLERS (1946)—Hemingway's short story, Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Jan. 6-7.)

KNOCK ON WOOD (1954)—Danny Kaye as a mixed-up ventriloquist involved with some international spies. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 6-8.)

LAST HOLIDAY (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 8, tentative.)

LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL (1955)—Marcel Pagnol's treatment of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence and, in particular, the comical dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 7.)

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) demolishing the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 3.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Jan. 5: "Destiny" (1921), directed by Fritz Lang.... Jan. 6-9: "So This Is Paris" (1926), directed by Ernst Lubitsch. A silent film, with French subtitles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne and written by S. J. Perelman, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. They make a diverting team. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

BABY DOLL—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

LUST FOR LIFE—A superb account of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of the Master's paintings. Kirk Douglas is highly persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN—A Japanese picture that works up all kinds of excitement describing the endeavors of a group of wandering samurai to protect some sixteenth-century homesteaders from the depredations of bandit hordes. The picture, which is like one of our own Westerns, was directed by Akira Kurosawa, who was responsible for "Rashomon." (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

OKLAHOMA!—The Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country, in a big-screen, wide-lens version. Among the large, overpowering images thrown on the screen are those of Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, and Rod Steiger. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 8, tentative.... Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 9, tentative.)

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS—An English film that spoofs some Albionites who weren't quite up to the business of defending the motherland in the last war. Ian Carmichael is very funny as the principal incompetent, and Richard Attenborough, Terry-Thomas, and Dennis Price give him a lot of assistance. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 8.)

THE RAINMAKER—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a rural confection that concerns itself with a homely girl who is convinced by a fast-talking confidence man that she is really quite a belle. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

THE SILENT WORLD—Life underwater, including everything from ravenous sharks to giant rays, caught by the camera of Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in the course of his submarine peregrinations. A French film, with an English narration. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Jan. 7.)

LA STRADA—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but piquant. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington Ave. at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL—A drunken doctor and a despondent widow finding glum but interesting romance in a Veracruz suburb,

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
IN THE SECTION ABOVE

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Wrong Man," Henry Fonda, Vera Miles.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Anastasia," Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, Helen Hayes.

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE RAINMAKER.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Bundle of Joy," Eddie Fisher, Debbie Reynolds.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Zarak," Victor Mature, Anita Ekberg.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The King and Four Queens," Clark Gable, Eleanor Parker.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Teahouse of the August Moon," Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford.

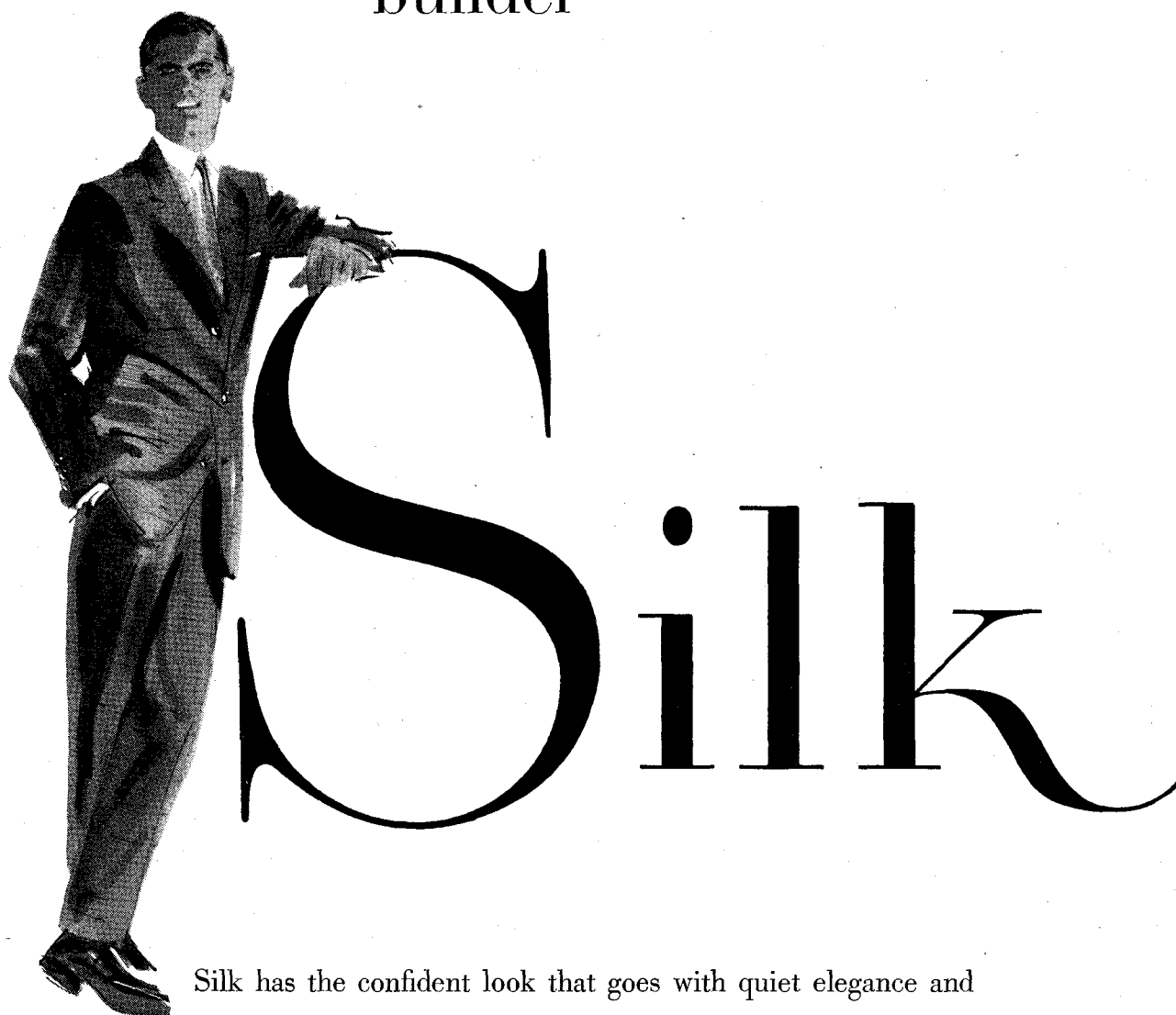
STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Hollywood or Bust," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BABY DOLL.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Wild Party," Anthony Quinn, Carol Ohmart.

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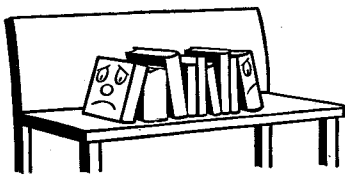
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE *Times* predicts that between ten and fifteen thousand books will be published this year, and that barely a hundred of them will make a splash. Many hundreds of new books drift into our office annually, and it's the year-end custom here, in order to get the shelves cleared, to put the leftover ones up for grabs. Accordingly, a great pile of 1956 works was dumped on a bench in a corridor the other day. It diminished rapidly, but three days later we wandered by the



spot and found nine forlorn volumes still huddled there—the books that nobody wanted even for the taking, the orphans and waifs of publishing, the culls of culls. With the deepest compassion, we now salute, in memoriam, the authors of “In the Last Analysis,” “Individual Freedom and Governmental Restraints,” “Dream and Thought in the Business Community, 1860-1900,” “Advance Agents of American Destiny,” “Work and Its Discontents,” “From the Beginning,” “Big Business and the Policy of Competition,” “Pan-Africanism or Communism?,” and “Conceptions of Institutions and the Theory of Knowledge”—this last a book that “was initiated in an endeavor to contribute to the problem raised by the indeterminate epistemological status of social elements in knowledge as exhibited in the contrary validational procedures employed by the classical theory of knowledge and the sociology of knowledge respectively” but that ended up, alas, on a dusty bench, un-

loved, unplucked, unbruted about, its status lamentably determinable.

Skiffle and Brass

A COUPLE of years ago, we had a talk with the jazz historian Frederic Ramsey, Jr., then fresh from a four-month tour of the back roads and back alleys of the South. In the course of his tour, he collected enough on-the-spot folk music to fill ten twelve-inch long-playing records, of which nine have been released so far, under the general title of “Music from the South.” He has recently completed a second Southern tour, crisscrossing some seven thousand miles of North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana; this time, his purpose was to supervise the making of a documentary film on the origins of jazz, to be called “Music of the South,” which will be featured on the television show “Odyssey” a week from Sunday. Ramsey invited us to watch a rough cut of the film one day last week, warning us that it might be difficult to follow. “There’s no narration in it yet, for the simple reason that I haven’t written it yet,” he said. “Still, the people are there and the remarkable sounds they make are there, and that’s what matters.”

Watching the film, we agreed with Mr. Ramsey, for both the people and the sounds are indeed remarkable. Among the stars of the film are Horace Sprott, a sixty-eight-year-old singer and harmonica player, who, to the accompaniment of a skiffle band (guitar, washboard, and glass wine jug), executes a spirited buck dance before a porchful of clapping neighbors, then lines out a cotton-picking song called “Five Fingers on the Boll;” Alice Benymon, a seventeen-year-old gospel singer; and the Eureka Brass Band, which swings smartly down a street in New Orleans with the celebrated clarinetist Alphonse

Picou, now about eighty, playing away ardently in its midst. When the lights went up and the gorgeous racket of all that skiffle and brass had stopped ringing in our ears, we asked Ramsey to tell us something of his adventures in putting the picture together. “Frank De Felitta, the director of the film, and I took off from here in a station wagon last September,” Ramsey said. “In the wagon were three still cameras, a movie camera, a couple of recording machines, five mikes, a lot of batteries, and three boxes of clothes that my wife had packed for the Sprotts, whom I’d met on my previous trip South. Our first excitement was Alice Benymon. We discovered her



in the choir of the little Congregational Church in Addor, North Carolina. The moment she started to sing, I felt the hair rising on the back of my neck. It’s astonishing—there are girls with beautiful voices singing in churches all over the South, but something always happens to them. Either they get married or they move North. Anyway, they never just go on singing.”

After shooting and recording Alice Benymon, Ramsey and De Felitta headed southwest to Selma, Alabama, and drove out to the cabin where Ramsey had visited Sprott two years before. “Pitch-dark when we arrived,” Ramsey said. “I got out of the car and knocked at the door. Not a sound. I poked a flashlight against a windowpane. The whole place was full of mule fodder. After hours of driving up and down unlighted dirt roads, we tracked Sprott to a cabin a couple of miles off. I banged on the door, and pretty soon it opened and there was Horace. I turned the flashlight on my



"Sure I told you not to worry your pretty little head about money, but that was ten years ago."

face, so he could see who it was, and he grinned and said, with more courtesy than truth, 'I knew you were coming, Mr. Ramsey.' Once Sprott and his dancing and singing had been put on film, Ramsey and De Felitta proceeded to Laneville, Alabama, to shoot the Laneville-Johnson Union Brass Band; this was a comparatively peaceful interlude, interrupted only by the escape of a boar from a nearby pigpen and its pursuit and capture by a dozen yelping hound-dogs.

In New Orleans, Mr. Ramsey arranged to have the Eureka Brass Band, one of the oldest surviving Negro brass bands in the country, make a fifteen-block swing through the French Quarter. "Nicest, loudest parade you ever saw," he told us. "Papa Picou pretended it was nothing much to him whether he was asked to play or not, and then he went out and played like sixty. We're all scared to death about how people up here are going to respond to such raw music. I won't be around to find out; I'm off to the wilds of Jamaica, to investigate a voodoo ceremonial I just got wind of. I'm hoping to find another Horace Sprott in the jungle down there."

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: On Forty-eighth Street, just west of Fifth Avenue, there's a restaurant that serves Pizza-Burgers.

It's a few doors away from an establishment that serves Plaza-Burgers.

Chess to Come

THE International Business Machines people ran an ad in the *Times* a few weeks ago asking any "research programmers for digital computers" who might be interested in taking part in an "expanding research effort in the development and automatic translation of a multi-computer language" to apply to Mr. R. W. Bemer, assistant manager of the I.B.M. programming-research department. The ad suggested that programmers in related fields—language theory, logic, topology, and the like—might also be interested, and noted teasingly, "Those who enjoy playing chess or solving puzzles will find this work absorbing." Though we know practically nothing about digital computers except what we've seen of their fancy work on TV on Election Nights, and though we had never even heard of topology, we made bold to apply to Mr. Bemer. Not that we wanted a programming job, we told him; we just wondered if anyone else did. A fast-talking, sandy-haired man of about thirty-five, Mr. Bemer said that the ad, which was also run in the Los Angeles *Times* and the *Scientific American*, had brought a total of seven responses, and that although this might sound disappointing to us, I.B.M.

considered it excellent. There are some fifteen hundred digital computers scattered throughout the country (ninety per cent of them built by I.B.M.), and each of the larger models requires from thirty to fifty programmers—programmers being the clever fellows who figure out the proper form for stating whatever problem a machine is expected to solve. "All told, there are probably fifteen thousand trained programmers in the United States," Mr. Bemer said. "They're very well paid and always in short supply, so we didn't expect many of them to be mooning over 'Help Wanted' ads. Of the seven who answered us, we hope to take on five in this department. The sixth man really *was* interested only in playing chess, and we let him go back to his board. The seventh man knew almost nothing about computing, but he had the kind of mind we like, and will no doubt be hired

by some other department of the company. He has an I.Q. of a hundred and seventy-two, and taught himself to play the piano when he was ten, working on the assumption that the note F was E. Claims he played that way for years. God knows what the neighbors went through, but you can see that it shows a nice independent talent for the systematic translation of values."

We expressed modest astonishment that a profession we'd never heard of should have as many as fifteen thousand members. "Whole thing happened overnight," Mr. Bemer said, in a consoling voice. "I've been programming for eight years now and I'm considered an old man with a long beard." Small digital computers were used during the war, and the first giant, Mark I, was built by I.B.M. for Harvard in 1944. The latest I.B.M. giant, completed in 1955, is twice as big as Mark I and approximately fifty times as subtle. Since giant computers cost a couple of million dollars apiece to build and are quickly outmoded, I.B.M.'s usual practice is not to sell them but to rent their electronic services by the month. (Rental fees run from thirty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a month.) Computers are used by scientists, for working out abstruse calculations that it would take a man a lifetime, or many lifetimes, to work out by himself, and also by commercial enterprises. At the moment, the best computer customers are airplane

manufacturers, who, in effect, can feed the carrying capacity, fuel load, speed, and maximum range of a projected plane into a computer and in a few minutes' time will be given back what amounts to a complete design; moreover, each item of the design, down to the smallest rivet, can then be tested by the computer for all imaginable stresses and strains. Shipbuilders and bridge designers use computers in the same fashion.

We asked Mr. Bemer about the multi-computer language referred to in the *Times*. He said that I.B.M. has already developed two synthetic languages for its computers: Fortran, which is strictly for scientific use, and Print I, which can handle both scientific and commercial information. By I.B.M.'s strict standards, both languages leave much to be desired (what strikes us as miraculous is mere irritating clumsiness to I.B.M.); for example, though the point has been reached where computers can translate scientific data from Russian into English at the rate of four or five sentences a minute, the data requires pre-editing and post-editing. "We're out to develop a language that will let computers think pretty much as we do—make ready use of their stored memories and be capable of free association," Bemer said. "A computer has been designed that plays checkers and has beaten all comers so far. Chess is still beyond it, but won't be for long. There's no telling how many ticklish problems computers will someday be able to solve. I foresee the time when every major city in the country will have its community computer. Grocers, doctors, lawyers—they will all throw problems to the computer and will all have their problems solved. Some people fear that these machines will put them out of work. On the contrary, they permit the human mind to devote itself to what it can do best. We will always be able to outthink machines." Triumphant, Bemer turned a sign on his desk in our direction. It read, "REFLEXIONE."

OVERHEARD at the inauguration of the Union Theological Seminary's Program in the Interrelations of Psychiatry and Religion: "Well, of course I know him only through his wife's dreams."

Van Ryckevorsel

TO continue our intermittent reports on the consuls-general in New York, we've just had a talk with Hubert van Ryckevorsel, of the Nether-

lands, who came here last August and is now comfortably installed in a cooperative on East Ninetieth Street, with his Belgian wife and their seven children—six boys and a girl. "A consul-general here has to live in the city, what with all the evening events he must attend, and a consul-general with seven children has quite a housing problem," he said when we visited him at his office, in Rockefeller Center. "My government very nicely bought us an apartment. It's only a few blocks from the Lycée Français de New York, where we send our six oldest children, and it looks out over the Church of the Heavenly Rest to the Park. Very nice in the evening. You have an idea you're not in such a big city after all. It's not so *stony* as other parts of town. In Paris, where I was secretary and counsellor to our embassy between 1948 and 1954, we lived in the *banlieue*. Before that, I was stationed in Copenhagen, Stockholm, and The Hague, which are large villages compared to New York, and after Paris I spent two years in Strasbourg as the Netherlands' permanent representative at the Council of Europe, so I'm used to some trees and some sky, and I'm glad to see them from our apartment. This is an imposing city; it is quite an adven-

ture to be here. We haven't had time to see much of the country yet, but my wife and I wanted to get a look at some of the fall colors, so some weeks ago we drove up through New England in our station wagon to Niagara Falls, and came back on that wonderful Thruway. Seven hundred kilometres from Buffalo with no stops! This enormous lake, Lake Ontario, and yet the smallest of the five Great Lakes! I like the Connecticut landscape immensely."

Mr. van Ryckevorsel, a slender, clear-eyed man of forty-six, was born in Nijmegen, a city near the German border of Holland, and was brought up mostly in 's Hertogenbosch, in the Dutch province of North Brabant, and The Hague. His father was at one time Governor of North Brabant. The son took a law degree at Utrecht University and, after a course at the London School of Economics and Political Science, went into the diplomatic service. Three of his children—Ghislaine, sixteen; Jean, fifteen; and Eduard, twelve—were born in Scandinavia. "My daughter was born in Denmark on May 7, 1940, three days before the German invasion of Holland," he said. "Denmark had already been invaded. We left soon afterward for Sweden,



"Brr! I'd hate to be out on a night like this."

and I was secretary to our legation in Stockholm for the rest of the war." The four subsequent van Ryckevorsel children are Eric, ten; Reinald, nine; Hubert, five; and Gaston-Marc, nine months. "We try to get them out in the fresh air, in rural surroundings, on weekends," their father said. "Bear Mountain Park is nice, but a little far away. Sundays, we often go to Orchard Beach, which is windy and fairly deserted, and where the children can run on the beach, but I'm told it's crowded in the summer. I hope we can find a summer house near the sea. We have a dog, a Bedlington terrier who used to belong to a White Russian lady in Paris and is named Bublichki, after a Russian song. One of the papers ran a picture of Bublichki and me when I came here, and called the dog Bubble in its caption, so the children have called him Bubble ever since. They're learning English fast—except the baby, of course—and three of the boys have become Boy Scouts. Bublichki is astonished when we take him down from the eighth floor in the elevator. He's never lived so high up before."

Procedure

AN artist of our acquaintance, aged eight, has presented us with an essay on his vocation that we recommend to one and all. It's called "The Art of I," and proceeds to say, "When I am going to draw a picture, I make up my mind what I am going to draw. Then I always start with the feet because if I start with the head I don't know whether I will have room for the feet."

Bird Census

EVERY year, the Audubon Society sponsors a nationwide Christmas Week bird count, and this year we, who can only by squinting differentiate a semipalmated plover from a white-eyed towhee, were invited to share in one Manhattan portion of the fun. The trysting place was the southwest corner of the Central Park Reservoir; the time, eight of a Saturday morning. Bitter chill it was. A ragged, restless mist hovered above the water—such a mist as shrouded Elsinore the morning the late King Hamlet called for revenge. In the fullness of time, we were hailed by an apparition of odd silhouettes—triangular ponchos from which legs, arms, heads, and telescopic devices protruded. These shapes identified themselves, in muffled voices, as Mr. Richard Harrison, a free-lance cartographer; Mr. Robert Mathews, a teacher of biology

and mathematics; Mrs. Pauline Messing, a housewife; Mr. William Cooney, a retired businessman; Mr. Erik Petersen, a locomotive engineer; and Mr. Walter Kennedy, a clerk. "We've been here forty minutes!" cried Mr. Harrison, who wore a Peter Freuchen-style beard. "Have you ever seen so much scum on the Reservoir?" We looked through the wire fence and made out a broad rim of soot, firm enough to support the weight of stray feathers and candy wrappers. Mr. Harrison, who had put his binoculars to his eyes, pirouetted like a Japanese traffic cop as a distant fowl swooped into a tree. "That a crow?"

"Looked like a dark pigeon to me," Mr. Mathews said, adding, for our benefit, "A crow would be a rarity in Central Park."

"Dark pigeon," Mr. Harrison muttered, and began barking at the other students of avifauna. "I'm not in charge of this census; Dick Ryan is. He's coming over from New Jersey and doing the peripheral parks. We're to phone our results in to him this evening. He wants every bird counted, *not* estimated; he's found that estimates are invariably lower than the actual count." Directives were issued. Some of the party were to go south, into the bushes, which, alas, Commissioner Moses had recently trimmed. Some were to speed northward, into the Harlem end of the Park. We were to accompany Mr. Mathews, Mrs. Messing, and Mr. Cooney around the Reservoir.

"I can't understand the Reservoir," Mr. Mathews said as we started off. "Fifteen years ago, it wasn't worth looking at. You never saw a baldpate. Now you see hundreds."

"People feed them," Mrs. Messing said.

"Funny thing," Mr. Mathews mused. "Once you start watching 'em, you stop feeding 'em. It's a heartless hobby."

"We saw an awful flock of baldies coming up," Mrs. Messing said. She was our accountant, and had already tabulated twenty-four ruddies, fifty herring gulls, and ten black-backed gulls.

Our technique was simple and pleasant: walk around the Reservoir and count the birds within it, and any other birds that got in our way. Behind us on the asphalt, a young Filipino, his fists hopping like two caged canaries, shadowboxed; occasionally, underclad

middle-aged men heaved past, keeping fit; on the bridle path, pretty flocks of girlish equestriennes cantered by. A few birds sang. "There's a downy," Mr. Mathews said, apropos of a faint squeak.

Mrs. Messing made a note. Then she poked her binoculars through the fence and began mumbling, "One, two, three, four . . ."

Mr. Mathews moodily kicked at some shrubbery. "I saw an immature saw-whet owl in around here once."

"Geoffrey Carleton saw an Iceland gull Thursday," Mr. Cooney said. "Downtown."

"A good place for gulls is the Forty-ninth Street sewage outlet on the East River," Mr. Mathews said. "There's an outlet at a Hundred and Sixth Street that occasionally turns up with an Arctic tern."

"That fellow will never make Madison Square Garden," Mr. Cooney said to us. "We get some pretty good athletes out here some mornings."

"That isn't all we get," Mr. Mathews said. "There've been several mugging incidents. Mostly in the warbler season."

"... eighteen, nineteen, twenty," Mrs. Messing said. "Twenty lesser scaup."

"Did you know," Mr. Cooney said, "that the Irish magpie is called *Pica pica pica*? That strikes me as silly."

"Why?" asked Mr. Mathews. "The local cardinal used to be called *Cardinalis cardinalis cardinalis*."

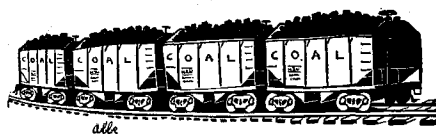
"If it's a sparrow, they call it *domesticus*," Mr. Cooney irrepressibly continued. "A robin, they stick on *migratorius*."

"The Reservoir's letting us down today," Mrs. Messing said. "Wait a minute." She lifted the binoculars. "Bob, I've got a laugh."

"Good girl, Pauline!"

"That's the first laughing gull we've ever got on a Central Park census," she said, pursing her lips with satisfaction.

Later, after the whole party had assembled in the boathouse and pooled their count, Mr. Mathews took us to the Statue of Liberty, a by no means fruitless foray. We netted, besides innumerable herring gulls, a sparrow hawk in Battery Park and, from the boat, one Iceland gull and four Bonapartes. On Liberty Island, rain was falling. We left the shelter of the boat to inspect at close range a congregation of small birds. "Probably sparrows," Mr. Mathews said, "but they're acting kind of lively. They're acting like larks." They were, it turned out, sparrows. The rain intensified. The great





"May I remind you, Haskell, that as Social Director your job is to see that the guests are happy?"

green statue, seen from the back, looked wrinkled and cold. From beneath his sagging hatbrim, our intrepid guide gazed across to the toy structures of Wall Street. "I wonder if they'll flush any escaped parakeets today. This summer, there was a big flock—about fifteen—in Central Park. Union Square is usually a good place for escaped cage birds."

Drenched, we returned to *our* cage, where we heard the census results by phone that evening. Fifty species were counted, and a hundred and two thousand birds, ninety-five thousand of

them starlings. Eight types of gull. Ten night herons. Four hundred and twelve canvasback ducks, exceeding the previous record by four hundred and six. No parakeets. One party did see a deer, though—in Inwood Hill Park, on the northern edge of Manhattan. The police were chasing it: two patrolmen, one red-faced.

Character

FOR all its splendid rehabilitation—diesel power, aseptic coaches, and a nicer sense of punctuality—the Long

Island Rail Road, we're pleased to report, is still, at bottom, the old, ornery, maladjusted Long Island Rail Road. Plunging down to East Hampton in a glory of dazzling chrome and caressing leatherette last weekend, we wandered into our allotted washroom and found ourself confronted by the even more arresting glory of a sink equipped with both hot- and cold-water taps. We gave the former an exploratory turn, and out burst an answering stream. It wasn't merely hot, it was seething. We snatched our hand away and spun the other tap. It was dry.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

ON this particular icy Wednesday in early January, Mrs. Bessie Evans' routine followed its normal course for a drinking evening. Rhiannon, the afternoon help from the village, safely gone, the sitting-room fire compactly built up, curtains closed against the blue-frozen night—all was set for three hours of slow pleasure. The isolation of the cottage among the cold-stiffened pines, even the ordinary fact that it was situated in a secret fold among the interior hills of Wales, seemed to give an additional relish to the coming session.

Bessie liked a hard winter: no vulgarly beaming sun nagging at one to go out and get healthy; no reproachful flowers to water in the damned garden; no malign wasps or mosquitoes; no birds yelling their little heads off at the crack of dawn. Also, a bitter frost, such as bruised the air this evening, raised (she was sure of it) a more fiery tang in her favorite beverage. She had arrived at the connoisseur's stage in such matters.

At seven o'clock, dressed in black satin, she ate boiled top-round beef with appreciation, neglecting none of the subsidiary dishes that Rhiannon—an excellent cook, ignorant village woman though she was—had prepared; there were preserved pears, a fat junket, local farm cheese and butter, home-baked bread, and, finally, a slice of chocolate cake. She ate not so much out of greed as out of a realization, based on experience, that a solid foundation of food helped to generate from whiskey the special rich, luxuriant glow she desired. She would go up to bed feeling a wonderful lack of contumaciousness toward the world.

At half past seven, her bosom preceding her in royal solidity, she moved from the kitchen to the sitting room, unlocked the old press of carved black oak, and drew out a glass and two bottles; one bottle was a third full, the other unopened. Her bosom, which was that of a handsomely endowed woman of forty, gave its usual preparatory heave; it suggested both a greeting and an admonishment.

Almost invariably she subjected herself to a strict practice of drinking exactly two-thirds of a bottle on alternate evenings of the week only, retiring to bed immediately after the sitting-room clock struck ten. It was a discipline from which she drew self-esteem and the deduction that she was not really going bad. On the rare occasions when she yielded to temptation and stayed up

until eleven finishing a whole bottle, drastic scolding and punishment—such as doing without a meal or furiously working on the neglected garden—were administered the next day. As for the whiskeyless evenings, these, of course, were hard to endure, and when, still more rarely, she broke her rule completely and enjoyed two consecutive sessions of intoxication, the lapse acquired a wicked splendor that almost made her topple over into the decision to give up her tenancy of Old Well Cottage and return, contritely, to the place she had come from.

The fire burned with purplish energy. An oil lamp cast a clear glow from its pretty shade; under it, a deeply upholstered chair took Bessie's body with a companionable sigh from its springs. A lady of leisure, secure in her domain, she had no difficulty, at least on such nights as this, in enjoying vicarious ownership of the charming old cottage and its kindred furnishings. She had rented it, two years before, from a man known locally as Shadrach the Gas (he managed the gasworks in the market town), and, because of its isolation and the lack of electricity and other main services, the rent was most reasonable.

After a few preliminary sips—the whiskey was never tainted with other liquids—she turned on the battery wireless. There was a program of rollicking variety turns. She enjoyed a good dirty laugh, liked boisterous comedians with red-nosed anecdotes of undignified disasters. What she *couldn't* stand was those women who heaved their guts up in some God-awful wail about love gone wrong. One of these upset the program tonight, and Bessie, pouring her fourth large measure by then, shouted at the wireless cabinet, "You silly cabbage,

serve you right if he let you down! We got to *fight* the devils, my gal!"

At nine-fifteen, a lecturer followed the variety turns, and she jeered good-humoredly, "Ancient Egyptians—they were all like us, you fathead. You can't change human nature." She shut him off, lit the single cigarette she allowed herself on whiskey nights, and, as usual, sat back pondering plans.

Always, after about half a bottle had been consumed, problems acquired a roseate tinge. They would be solved with delicious ease. There was always her sister Susan, in Australia—Susan and her husband's expanding grocery business in Sydney; Susan who wanted a colleague experienced in business from

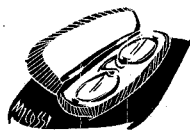
the home country to help; Susan who, though she could be mean as cat's meat, valued her; Susan . . . Her drooping eyelids suddenly opened; she sat bolt upright, her eyes sidling round the room. Had a piece of coal exploded in the grate? She bent down to the low table and poured the last measured allowance from the second bottle. It was a quarter to ten.

She began to giggle. At teatime, Rhiannon had told her more about Elfed, the widowed farmer who had been asking questions in the village about the tenant of Old Well Cottage. Why didn't she come down to the chapel on Sundays? He had seen her many times in the returning market bus, a heavily laden basket on her knees, and her face (Rhiannon herself enjoyed the inquisitive farmer's compliment) "bright as a bunch of snapdragons." Rhiannon thought he would soon be offering to carry that heavy basket the quarter mile from the village bus stop up to the cottage above the slope of pines.

Bessie, sipping her drink and purring beautifully inside now, let out a guffaw. Those bottles in the basket! After her two years of residence, the villagers, even Rhiannon, had not found out about the whiskey in the capacious wicker basket, which sat, displaying a crust of groceries and fruit, on her lap in the bus after the twice-weekly visit to the market town, six miles away. But Rhiannon, her only link with the village, often hinted to her that the lone Mrs. Evans, although thought of respectfully as a dignified woman of means, still roused speculation. Why had she chosen to live among strangers in such a quiet district?

"Tell the ladies and gentlemen of Sychan," the recluse had said, "that I've had my day with the best man that ever lived, and I've come here to remember it undisturbed by other things."

When she had arrived, she told Shadrach the Gas that her late husband, William Evans, a war casualty, used to motor her on weekends through this wonderful countryside, and that they had decided to retire hereabouts in due course. Still dressed in black, even after all that time of widowhood, she gave out the flavor of a woman who would mourn her loss forever. Yet acceptance of her became solidified when the villagers began to refer to her as Mrs. Evans Old Well, and now she could enter the bus without the babble of voices dropping. There was a very deep seventeenth-century well, still functioning, near the cottage porch. The legend was that a sinful wife, in far-off, stricter days, had been dropped down it, and



her ghost was said still to haunt the garden. Shadrach the Gas pooh-poohed all that, yet after buying and furnishing the cottage he had not lived long there himself.

At five minutes to ten, she exclaimed, still giggling, "Elfed wants to carry my basket, does he! Well, his chance *might* come—if his oats show a good profit some year!" The giggling came to an abrupt stop. Her glass was empty. She frowned.

The price of Scotch! Thirty-six shillings the bottle! Occasionally a sort of paralysis gripped her in the region of the solar plexus when she approached her bank in the market town. Otherwise, she treated her legacy of three thousand pounds—it had arrived, indeed, with a fairy-wand unexpectedness from a bachelor uncle struck down untimely and intestate—as something subject at any moment to an equally unexpected magic removal from the granite building where it lay in a deposit account yielding two and a half per cent interest. Although only a glance was required, she found it increasingly difficult to examine the state of her finances. Anyhow, she could always go back to work at the drapery. Or disappear—assuming she still had the fare—to Australia. Beautiful, beautiful Australia.

When the mantelpiece clock began striking its ten crisp "ping"s, she sat up rigid again and, arms folded across her chest, stared thunderously at the second bottle, now a third empty. "No, Bessie!" she cried out. "No! You can't afford it. You've got to go to Australia. Lolling around here, you big good-for-nothing!" She thrust the cork in the bottle, gave it a bang with her fist, and heaved herself up.

Then came the satisfaction of locking up the bottles and glass in the press. Tomorrow morning, the first, empty bottle would be dropped down the well. This method of disposal amused her; she liked to hear the faraway splash. Perhaps, when she was safe in Australia, Shadrach the Gas or another tenant might discover a deposit of four or five hundred bottles in that choked-up old well, which was supposed to be the residence of a ghost!

After the press key had been safely hidden from Rhiannon's prying, the usual buoyant feeling of achievement, propriety observed, and self-admiration rewarded her. Bed now! Sleep would



"And then the next question will come from Lawrence Spivak. He will ask you if it isn't true that in 1947 you said that you were opposed to federal grants for education."

come easily—deep, warm sleep in that lovely bed of good linen, fleecy blankets, and red eiderdown, the world obliterated. What more could a woman want? She began to sing.

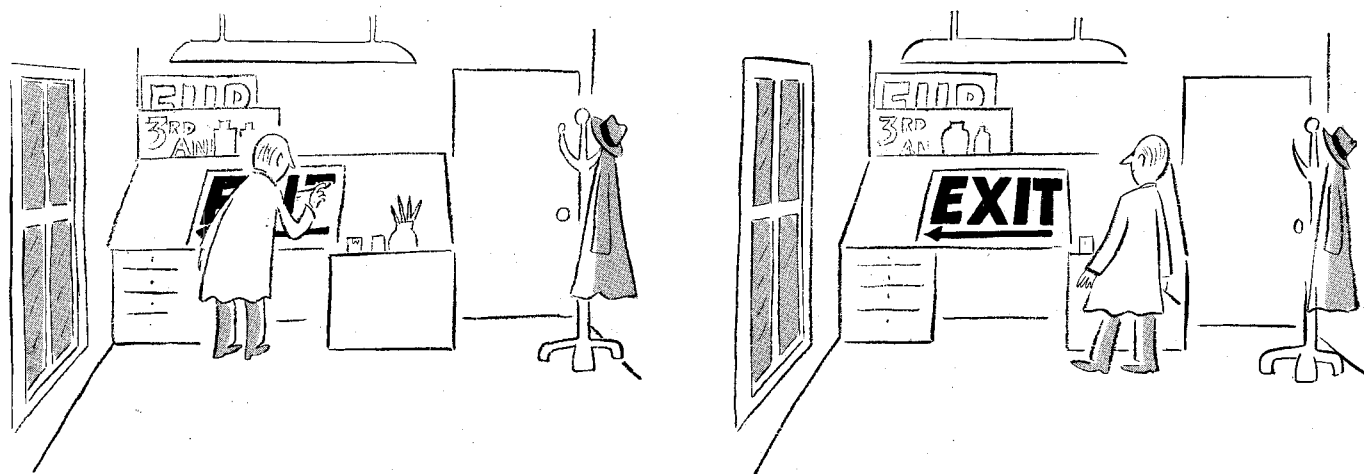
She bolted the front and back doors, still humming "Ar Hyd y Nos." Every downstairs window was already fastened. Not that she was a nervous woman. Besides, burglars never functioned in these tranquilly unimportant parts; neither were tramps ever seen. She took the small lamp standing on a table in the hall—a place so cold that, despite the interior whiskey warmth, she shivered. As, vaguely unsteady, she mounted the crooked staircase of black oak, the lamp's flame danced within the glass funnel under the cretonne shade. On the bulgy, fortress-thick walls, shadows danced clownishly. Sleepy though she was, she still hummed the popular, dirgelike old melody.

WHEN she opened the door of the front bedroom, her attention was caught at once by a shape in the bed. Yet she did not cry out, and the lamp did not drop from her hand. She only stared at the shape with the same thunderous intensity as that with which she

had looked at the bottle downstairs when the hour struck.

The shape—clearly it was that of a man, with the head visible on the farther of the two pillows—had its back to her. The old-fashioned double bed stood against the wall, and its occupant had taken the inner position. No sound of breathing came. Bessie's eyes roved, with an effort, to garments dropped on a chair. A pair of shoes stood neatly together on a rug. Most conspicuous of all, a soft felt hat hung, rakish-looking, on the knob of one ebony bedpost.

These evidences of outrageous intrusion did not exert on her, a married woman, the effect they might have achieved with a spinster. Nevertheless, in the long moments of silence her face became drained of its opulent color. A dim memory came to her of an old, now abandoned country custom—*caru yn y gweli*, it was called. A suitor climbed through a bedroom window—a ladder was usually left conveniently handy—and, if acceptable, was allowed to stay an hour or two, with marriage in view. It was just possible that in remote and unspoiled villages like Sychan the custom was still followed, if only in a jesting manner. Those earthy glances



she got sometimes in the bus from men old enough to know better!

Fury rescued her. Her voice thick but bristling, she spoke. "If you don't leave my house this instant," she declared, "I'll call the police." At once, she was aware of the fatuity of this—no telephone, and the nearest neighbor hopelessly beyond the range of the loudest scream.

Slowly, unalarmed, the man turned his head on the pillow. Bessie's free hand, opening and closing, clutched her satin dress. She still held the lamp; otherwise, she might have sunk to the floor. But her legs buckled somewhat. "Will-iam," she stammered.

Her husband looked at her with assessing curiosity—a square-headed man with hard, unblinking eyes and a mouth that had become tightened as though from driving ruthless business transactions. "What's that you said about the police?" he asked, still not budging from under the covers.

"I'll—I'll call them," she panted.

"Shouldn't think you'd want to do that." He spoke with slow exactitude, but mildly, as if merely incommoded. "There's only one in the village, I expect, and *he* wouldn't be used to a case like this—not in these nice, respectable parts." His steady eyes, not moving from her, shone greenish in the lamplight. "Sit down, Bessie," he suggested. "Unless you're coming into bed?"

He watched her turn and, with the slow, waddling movements of a person exercising will power after the petrification of a shock, walk to the high chest of drawers and place the lamp on it. "What did you think was in your bed?" he asked, entirely without amusement. "A wolf?" And suddenly, rapidly, he flung back the bedcovers and leaped out—a short, solid-fleshed man of mature cast, with strong, thick arms. He filled, with comfortable tightness, the striped shirt he had left on. Bessie

shrank back a step, clutching the bodice of her dress, her eyes bared. But he did not touch her. He only locked the door, drew out the key, and leaped back into bed, thrusting the key under the farther pillow.

"Brrh! It's warmer in here," he said. "A pity you haven't got a stove in the room."

She had watched with the strained inertia of someone hopelessly lost in a no man's land of mist. Then, carefully lowering herself, she sat on a hard chair placed against the wall where the chest stood. A little heat, perhaps sufficient for a doll's house, came from the lamp. The room was very cold. The sitting room downstairs, the three hours of cozy drinking, already seemed remote. Something drastic had happened. Her mind kept on fumbling toward realization, but so far all she felt was that a great black cloud had suddenly clamped down on the pretty cottage. She no longer looked at the man in the bed. He was saying something about having come in by the back door after keeping watch on the house for hours... helping himself to bread and cheese in the kitchen... examining the layout of the house with a torch. She made an effort to clear a way through the mud-dle in her mind.

"How did you find where I was living?" she whispered, at last. The ordinariness of the inquiry seemed to reassure her. His presence was perfectly acceptable and, somehow, logical. But still she did not look at him—only stared in turn at the wardrobe, at the dressing table, and, finally, up at the gently burning little lamp, as though seeing them for the first time.

"Took me a long time to track down a pal of yours," William replied. Perhaps because of his success in this, he even sounded affable. "She's in furs now, Monica is—a wholesale house in Cardiff. I expect you know about that. Cost me a four-quid dinner in the Angel

to make her slip the bit of information—pretending she wasn't slipping it, of course." He eased himself up, and gave the pillow a pugilist's blow. "You shouldn't have written her asking for that twenty quid you lent her, Bessie. You must have been drunk when you did it."

She bridled a little. "I don't get drunk."

"No? Well, it was your tightness about money, then." He chuckled, with a queer, throaty sound she had never heard from him before. He was not a man given to jokes.

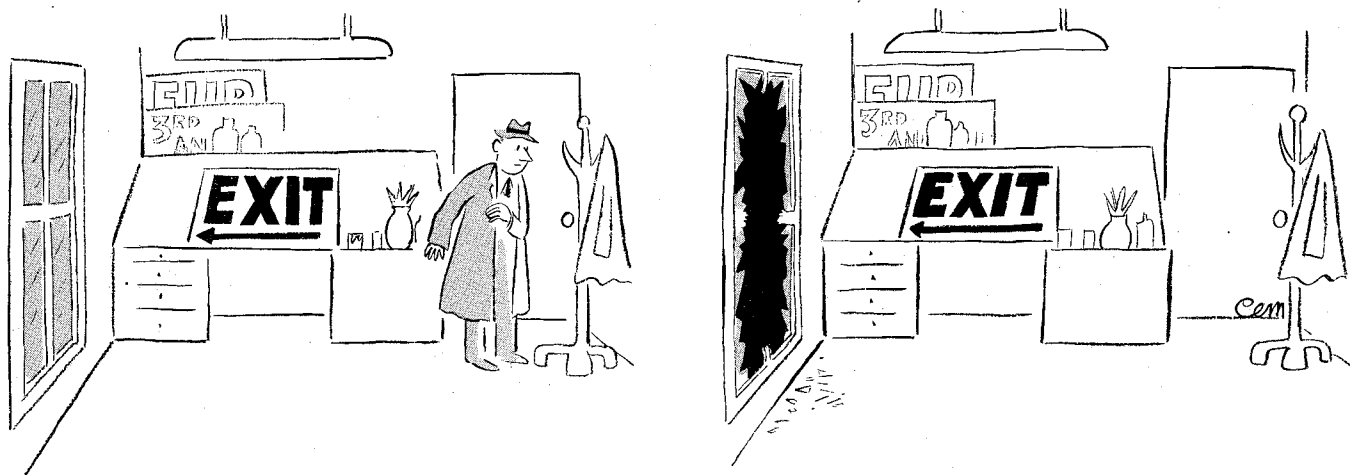
"Wait till I get hold of Monica!" she said, her voice too shaky for vindictiveness.

"You won't," William said.

She bent her head as though the strength of her neck had dwindled. There was a long silence, and when, finally, she spoke, her sluggishness suggested a lack of interest in or focus on what she was asking: "Have you still got the restaurant?"

"No. Sold it months ago. Been on the prowl since then." He stretched, and snuggled down like any married man in bed at home. The heaving eiderdown shone luxuriously warm. "Got a fair price for the premises from a big firm of caterers. They said the good will of the business wasn't worth much—your fault, Bessie." She said nothing, and he, calm in his deductions, although his tone seemed to imply long and bitter reveries, presently went on, "If you'd put the money you had from your Uncle Charles—and I bet he's boiling in hell at the thought *you* got it—if you'd put it into the restaurant, we'd soon have been well off, Bess. That scheme they had to build a factory estate outside Dinas has got going—the Government is encouraging it. Dinas town is going to be a big noise in a couple of years or so."

She drew her feet, which were getting cold, under her skirt. "Why



didn't you hold on to the premises, then?"

There was a long pause before he replied. "I lost interest in the business. I got sour, Bessie, see? When I'd go down in the morning to let Sally and Mrs. Bevan in, and notice them looking at me sidewise, wondering about my state of temper—well, I got to hate myself, too. After you did a bunk from me, I took to staying at home all on my own . . . night after night." In his voice was all the bleak solitude of the home over the restaurant, all the deserted silence of the small-town street after the shops closed.

"You used to go to meet the Chamber of Commerce men in the White Hart often enough, leaving me at home," she reminded him.

"You drove me out, with your moods. You could have kept me at your side, loving as a silly spaniel." Still, he sounded only mildly concerned about all that now. "After you bunked off, leaving that note of three lines on the mantelpiece, I couldn't get myself to go to the White Hart any more, knowing how all the boys would push drinks on me and slap me on the back, cheerful as a lot of undertakers. But the money, Bessie, the money! If you had run off *before* you got the solicitor's letter about your uncle's money, it wouldn't have been quite so bad. The thought of the money stuck in my gullet. We could have used that money well, and in ten years you'd have had your jewelry and sables and ride about fat as a duchess. But, no! You wanted the legacy all to yourself. Yourself, yourself!"

She didn't like his further chuckle. Although stupor still held her body inert, her mind formulated a clear little patch of opinion. Sounding detached from any wish to give offense, she began, "I hated Dinas, and you could not have made the restaurant into anything. You're a fighter, I daresay, but you just can't think *big*. You're not

the master type, William; you haven't got the employer's temperament. Those two waitresses used to laugh at you. After being in a large drapery business for fifteen years, I know what's what in bosses—" She stopped, dimly aware of incautiousness.

"A good woman ought to try to make a man feel larger, not smaller," he replied to this, only a shade censorious. "You're a mean and selfish woman, Bessie. One of the kind that only wants a man to keep her in comfort and expects it as her right—amen and no two opinions about it."

They were approaching the old trouble, the ancient warfare, the eternal trap. For some reason, she remembered hearing, in a Welsh wireless talk on bygone courting customs, how a couple would be sewn inside a canvas sack together by the girl's parents and left all night as a test of mutual suitability. "I'm as God made me," she found herself mumbling.

For the first time, his voice betrayed a dark, glowering anger. "I wonder what we have schools and upbringing for! Did God set out purposely to make you a humbug, a liar, a greedy hypocrite, and a thief? Do you think I didn't know how you used to help yourself to money in the restaurant till and spend it in Cardiff on flighty clothes that you said you got at wholesale price? Ha! Always wanting to play the lady in Dinas, you shifty bitch!"

She did not deal with this. It seemed unimportant and normal beside the fact of his presence and the key under the pillow—unimportant, even, in comparison with the fact of her defunct feet and the moribund apathy of faculties elsewhere in her body. The room was getting colder. Or had something else—shock and fear—reduced her stamina? Whiskey was fraudulent; there might be something in the belief that ale gave one more lasting warmth and energy. For a moment, she contemplated plac-

ing the lamp at her feet. But she lacked the initiative for the act; a rigid unwillingness to budge from the chair against the wall governed her. If she made a movement, would he spring? She sat with her arms folded across her chest, as if to retain the last warmth there, and still she did not look directly at him, though her eyes sidled now and again in the direction of the bed.

This silence was even longer than the others. She broke it. Again in that reminding but not conciliatory way, she said, "I didn't run off with another man. It's what they usually get cross about."

He replied in the reflective manner of a man who has dwelt with long deliberation on a problem or scheme but will not reveal his final decision until the time is ripe. "It would have been better if you had run off with another chap. It was just plain, cold, murdering selfishness."

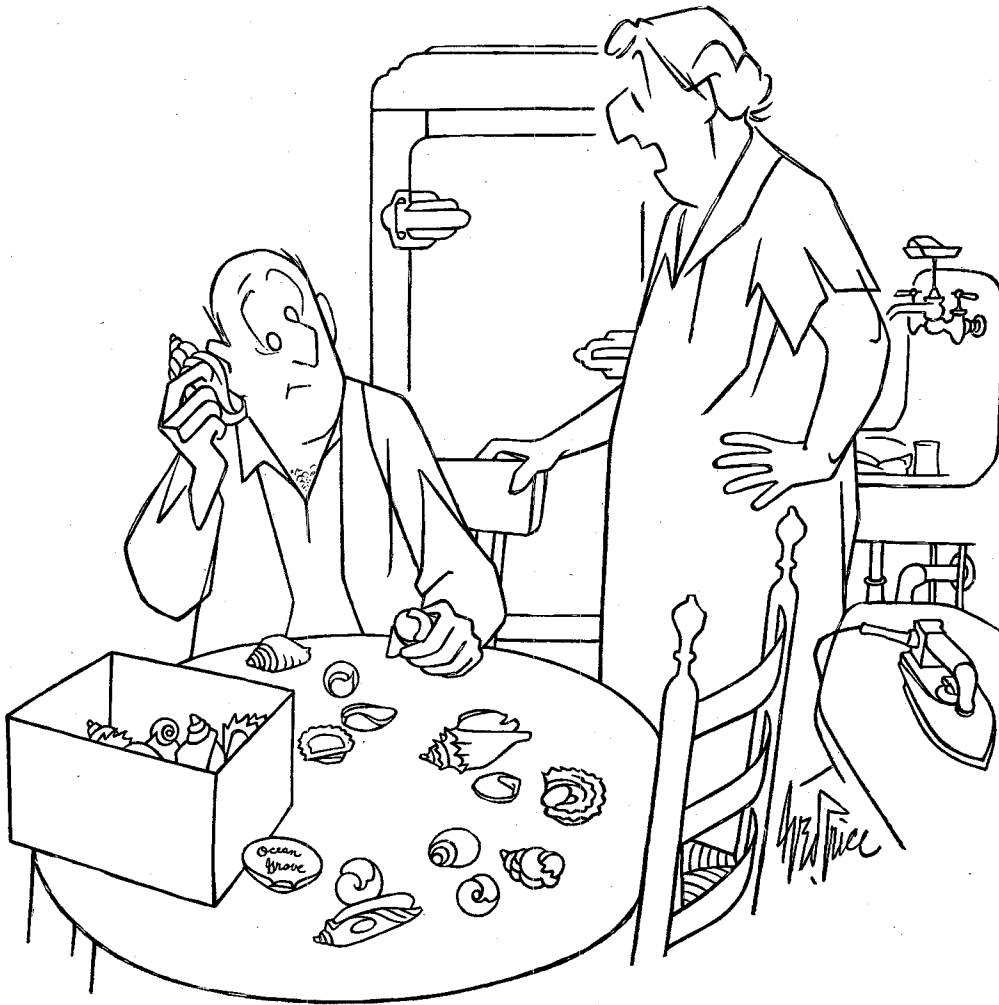
She preferred the abusive anger. "I can't think why you were so fond of me," she said. "I didn't run after you. I never thought you much of a catch. You got me when I had a nasty row over pay with the firm I worked for in Cardiff—the tykes. You're no handsome oil painting, William—" Again she stopped, vaguely astonished at herself. Did she *want* him to spring?

That peculiar chuckle! He had developed into a different person, calculating, uncharacteristically voluble, chuckling to himself. Had he gone off his head? Why hadn't he called at the front door, in the normal way? The strange calculation of his tricks struck her forcibly now. He had gone mad! She moved uncomfortably, and the chair creaked.

"Getting cold out there? Warm enough in here!"

"I'm all right," she mumbled.

"That's the worst of getting yourself an outlandish cottage for a bolt hole—no heating in the bedroom when



"Will you please listen to me for a minute?"

a thing like this happens! Never mind; it won't be a chill or influenza you'll be catching!"

As though rejecting what she heard, she stared more fixedly at the wall. A fancy preoccupied her that the veins of her feet had stiffened into sprays of icicles and it was impossible to walk. But her mind kept on making efforts to grapple with subjects suitable and, indeed, necessary for discussion. Anything to break those prolonged silences that were laden with something undeclared. After a while, she resumed. "You doted on me too much, William. Your doting got on my nerves. I don't think I like men. I ought to have married a retired old man who just wanted not to die alone." A further fancy came to her that, but for the stupefying cruelty of the cold, it would be pleasant and fruitful to sit talking like this all through the night. Matters could be wound up, a personal bankruptcy declared void; pacified contestants might even make amicable farewells.

But William ignored her last observations. He asked, "What do you do with yourself all day in this place?"

"Nothing." She answered as if glad of his apparently sociable inquiry. "At first, I thought I'd stay only a few months. I wanted to think. All my life I promised myself a time to myself, with no nagging employer—or anyone else, for that matter—to answer to. I kept on trying to make up my mind to go to Susan in Australia. But somehow I couldn't make the move—"

"Ah!" he said, and chuckled.

"I eat well, and take a little whiskey some evenings. I keep an afternoon maid. I listen to good-class concerts and lectures on the wireless. The weeks go by . . ." The sloth of the slow, eventless days lay in her trailing-away voice.

"You mean you came here to guzzle. Australia, my Aunt Fanny! True, you've got a lot of the gypsy in you. I'm not saying that's a nasty thing; it can make a woman shine out and set a man ticking faster than usual. I bet when you'd finished guzzling your way through that legacy you'd have set about hooking some well-off fellow in these parts. You know all right there's some chaps that *like* being hooked and done down."

"I intend going back to the drapery in Cardiff when the money is gone," she said meekly.

"Isn't there some old buffer running after you here? I see you've got a lot of your looks left."

At this, she turned her head and gazed at him. His eyes were fixed on her as if they had never moved away. He had placed the vacant pillow on top of his own, so that his head was propped up; he looked comfortable and warm but relentlessly wide-awake, the greenish glint of his eyes clear and hard. She said, "If you've come here thinking of a divorce, William, there isn't anyone to name. But I won't give you any trouble. I deserted you." A glimmer of eagerness had struggled into her face.

"I don't want a divorce. No need for all that fuss and expense. Not now."

Her mouth opened to ask the obvious question—"Why not now?"—but she only looked at him glassily. She could barely discern his head. Was the cold disabling her sight? Why was he there? It no longer seemed shocking that he had arrived, with such dramatic calculation, in her bed. But why? Why? She accepted the actual fact of his presence now—even, she fumblingly thought, almost welcomed it. The two dormant past years were smashed, and the thing that had fugitively haunted her had taken on, at last, concrete stature and power. She looked toward the bed as a homeless wanderer might look through a window into a firelit room.

"Come in," he said, as if aware of her thoughts.

She did not reply but, draggingly, shook her head before turning it, with an automaton's movement, away from the hazed bed. A few moments later, the lamp began to fade. "If you give me the key," she said, quivering out of her passivity, "I'll fetch oil from the can in the kitchen."

"No, Bessie."

Her remaining vestiges of warmth and strength seemed to ebb with the sinking light. She couldn't even bring herself to get up and fetch coats and other garments from the wardrobe to wrap herself in. Neither could her mind dwell on the refusal of the key. Almost there was a sense of release, an elusive, lapping seduction, in her resolution not to move from the chair. I'll be found frozen to death in the morning, she thought. In the flickering light, the furniture began to look insubstantial, withdrawing its familiar identity; the dressing-table mirror became lifeless—an oval for ghosts to look in.

The last edge of blue on the lamp-

A WINTER COME

I

When frost moves fast and gardens lose their ground
 And gold goes downward in the trees, no sound
 Accompanies departures of the leaves,
 Except when the wind hurtles into air
 Dead shapes the coming winter will inter;
 Then the thinnest music starts to stir
 A faint, crisp scraping in the startled ear:
 The leaves that feed the new leaves of next year.

II

Branch of a being that is bent by snow,
 How many birds desert your stiffened bough?
 There was a cage of lyrics in the air,
 A bird for every leaf suspended there,
 Who chirped at sunlight in the foliage
 That farmed its summer at the meadow's edge,
 And now an arm as thin as any wing
 Rasps the iron air, bereft of song.

III

A child lay down in his imagined grave
 To see the form he'd make engraved in snow,
 But even that feigned hollow filled with snow;
 And, rising on a landscape blurred a bit
 By shadows of an adumbrated blue,
 He came upon two worlds he had not known:
 One was his being, one his mind let go
 Until the light would take the blue from snow.

IV

Your breath precedes you on a winter's day,
 An insubstantial cloud, as if to say,
 All solid things are blown to vapor soon.
 Look up! The scimitar of the moon
 Is but a remnant of the round it was,
 Is but a ringlet of the ring to be,
 As, riding forth, the breath that marked your birth
 Will have its heir, before it comes to death.

V

As birds come nearer for a crust of bread
 Across the frozen snow, by hunger led
 To stamp fine footprints on a scroll of white,
 So winter is a world where appetite
 Grows bolder by necessity, where the fox
 Betrays his fable, and the cold unlocks
 Stiff beggars from the doorways. Time grows old
 In the knuckles of an old man blue with cold.

VI

The racing waterfall that slowed in fall
 Has thinned to a trickle or an icicle
 And stands as quiet as the rocks it willed
 To move. As though expecting it to fall,
 A listener stands upon a rim of silence,
 Seeing a changed world prepared to change,
 The waterfall silent on its breakneck shelf,
 And silence a spectacle in itself.

VII

Adrift upon thin ice before he falls
 Asleep is the sleeper deep in snow
 That falls in imaginary winters in
 The mind remembering the snow when no
 Snow is falling, who will raise a blind,
 Certain he has sensed its slow descent,
 And find the crippled world he left behind,
 And his transfiguration in the mind.

VIII

Those statues, born long after funerals
 Have mourned their subjects, stand in every park—
 Stone statesmen stiff upon their pedestals,
 Who dominate indifferent day and dark.
 Blind to all the cruder jokes of snow,
 A socket of sheer cold behind each eye,
 They cannot know that even sculptors go
 Where all the celebrated sitters lie.

IX

Who reads by starlight knows what fire is,
 The end of words, and how its mysteries
 Go running in the flame too quick to see,
 As language has a light too bright to be
 Mere fact or fiction. By ambiguity
 We make of flame a word that flame can burn,
 And of love a stillness, though the world can turn
 On its moment, and be still. Or turn and turn.

X

And what of love that old men dead and gone
 Have wintered through, and written messages
 In snow so travellers, who come too warm
 To what may grow too cold, be safe from harm?
 They know the fire of flesh is winter's cheat,
 And how the icy wind makes young blood sweet
 In joining joy, which age can never have.
 And that is what all old men know of love.

—HOWARD MOSS

wick vanished. She was surprised to find herself, suddenly conversational, saying, "I often sit downstairs in the dark when the lamp goes out and I can't be bothered to fill it. I sit thinking. Living alone here has cured me of fright. It isn't as if you're a stranger."

William said nothing. He was not a stranger? All people were strangers in the dark.

At the window, where the curtains were only half drawn, an anonymous

night grayness seeped in, but it did not reach any object in the room. The last links with fact and reality were broken. There was not the faintest sound from the frozen world outside. All natural things were cast into the abeyance of this deepest and darkest hour. Was it midnight? What did it matter? Time mattered no more. The only thing existing—and it still remained a mystery—was the unseen element of judgment in the room; she

recognized it fully now and waited for it to declare itself. It belonged to the dark.

She found herself saying, as if testing this judgment, "You were silly to feel disgrace when I left you. A woman that runs off like that is a good riddance. Your friends at the White Hart would realize that, I expect."

He said nothing. Had he fallen asleep? Buried his ears under the covers? She could hear no breathing. Oh,

if only he would hurl a heap more of abuse! Even the daft chuckle would be better than this silence. Now and again, her knees gave little convulsive jerks, as if making protest on their own account. The savage cold left her no dominion at all over her body now. Yet her mind, detached from her body, seemed to become clear of its confusion. She heard her own hesitating voice from a distance. "William . . . If you've come wondering if I'll go back to you . . . it will need some talking . . . thinking about." In her chest, a dead sort of pain followed the hard breathing necessary to get the words out.

Still there was no reply. Her head swerved from the direction of the hidden bed to the grayness at the window space. She thought of the bereft foothills and, beyond, the heights of the Brecknock Beacons impregnable with marble snow. All the world was pinioned in stony silence. If only she could hear the soft thud of a pine cone falling into the withered ferns of the garden! Loneliness, oblivion, and freezing death were all about her. Hours must pass before a small, dim glimmer would crack the night.

When her mouth opened again, it felt grotesquely not her own. "William . . ." Her lower jaw seemed to lock. She sat pondering.

Blue, blue . . . Why did she think of a blue, sun-curved sea with foam swirling on a picnic beach? Tenby! The day trip she took to Tenby last sum-

mer . . . She saw a florist's shop filled with riotous blooms of July—roses, sweet peas, zinnias, carnations. In a café, a sundae heaped with nuts and marshmallow cream was placed before her. A man with a sports-club crest on his blue blazer lowered a newspaper and eyed her from a face as brown as a football. She wore a cerise dress and a hat she had just bought. Tenby was a good-class town—not like rough, coal-mining Dinas, where a lady couldn't really be a lady. . . . Her cheekbones began twitching. Tenby vanished. Even the gray window space had gone. Her body gave a long, dislocated jerk; she was aware of it from afar.

Why was she on her feet? She did not remember getting up. Had he spoken? There was no sense of sound about her, and her eyeballs gained nothing from the dark. But she knew now where she must go. Carefully, laboriously, her feet moved. She trudged without a bending of her knees. Her body moved as toward a command, blindly but without error. Her knee pressed against the bed.

"Come in," he chuckled.

She heard the poplin swish of the thrown-back eiderdown. A faint eddy of warmth touched her face briefly. She fell into the opened bed, in all her clothes. The covers closed round her. But she did not feel the warmth; the blankets seemed only to hold her immobile. When he turned and pressed the pillow over her face, she quivered

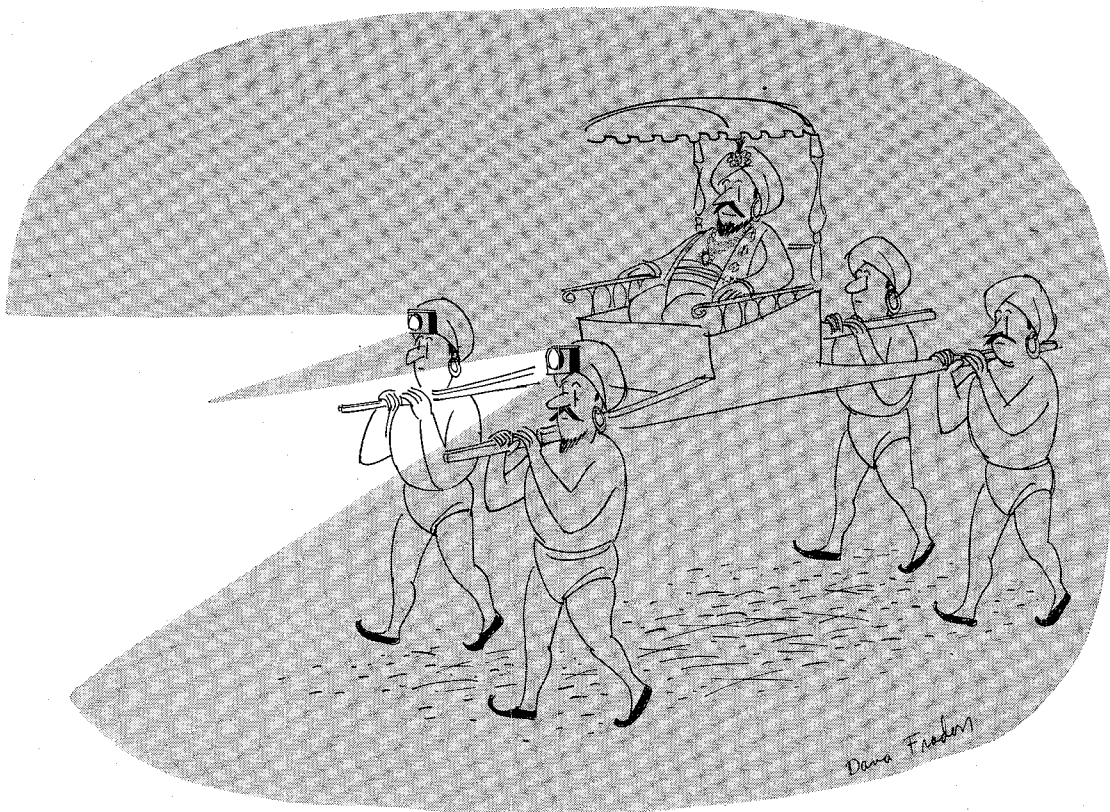
only once. The long, silent apathy of the two past years contracted into a massive strength of obliteration, and, acquiescent, she sank under it.

LIGHT, a pure morning light, was seeping into her eyes. But she could not see it clearly. A pillow was on her face. Pulling it away—why was it there?—she sat up in astonishment. A shaft of sunlight came from the space between the curtains. For long moments, her mouth open like a startled child's, she remained looking down at the man beside her in the warm bed. He lay fast asleep, mouth open, too, a patina of sweat on his short, thickly rooted nose. For the first time, she recognized the nose as a pugnacious one. The wart on his chin somehow made him seem less sternly menacing.

Stealthily, keeping concentrated watch on his face, she slid a flat hand under his pillow and found the key. Then, with long pauses, she eased herself out of the bed. Her body, already wonderfully thawed, felt abounding as she stood safely on the woollen rug. She shook herself down like a dusty fowl; the black satin dress was badly creased. Her eyes did not move from William's face as she backed to the door. She unlocked and opened the door without noise, gave William a last look, and crept out.

When she returned, she carried a tray that held a teapot, two cups, and a plate of biscuits. The night's residue of sloth was off her powdered face; her hair was tidied. She placed the tray on the bedside table, and stood looking at William's far-gone face again before crossing to the window. Brass rings clanged briskly as she flung back the curtains as far as they would go, releasing into the room the full, crisp morning. It was still very cold, and the light, spinning back from the dazzling frost in the garden, had the fiery bounce of diamonds. Night's claustrophobic assembly of threats had slunk away and the morning rang alive with victory.

"William!" At once, she reduced the hectoring shout. "William!" There was something abridged, if not obsequious, in her gait and manner as she went to the tray and poured



the tea. "Another cold morning, William!" She did not look at him now. But she fetched a purple silk wrap from the wardrobe and, as Clytemnestra flung the net over the warrior returned from Troy, wrapped it round his shoulders. William, still a bit manacled in his heavy sleep, struggled up in the bed. Bessie found a pink woollen cardigan for herself.

As he took the cup of tea from her hand, he glanced at her from under swollen lids. He was always a thick sleeper. She shook out that other pillow, gave it a pronounced scrutiny, and placed it behind his shoulders. Bemused, he looked into the cup. "There's nothing in it except tea," she assured him. "I've got no use for rat poison. When I want to get rid of you, I'll shoot you like a dog."

She tittered as she crossed with her own cup to the chair on which such hours of agony had been endured the night before. William tasted the tea. Bessie swallowed two good mouthfuls herself, and after a silence, which seemed neutral, she asked, "How much did you get for the restaurant from those caterers?"

"Five thousand pounds for the lease of the premises, seven hundred for the contents." They were his first words. Had he returned to his old surly meagreness of speech?

"Why, William, that's not at all bad! Judging by the way you talked last night, anyone would think you had a grudge. You must have fought them like a man."

He glanced at her sidewise. Something lurked in his face; it did not suggest anything to do with smiling. "What time is it?" he asked abruptly, and looked at the soft felt hat still hanging on the ebony bedpost.

"About half past eight. Plenty of time yet. You'll have to go by two. A woman from the village comes then. I'm supposed to be a widow."

"I'm not going," he said slowly.

She did not deal with this. "I took a day trip to Tenby last summer," she began, "and I thought to myself, If William had adventure in him, this is a nice place to open a restaurant in. I like seaside places. . . . What's the matter with you?" she suddenly challenged across the room. "Can't you look me straight in the eye?"

He looked her straight in the eye. His thick, hard neck and square head lunged out from the purple wrap, and he growled, "You can count yourself lucky you're sitting there drinking tea in comfort, like a bloody hypocrite sozzling after a funeral."



"Edith, you're joking!"

"Now, William!" Bessie reproved, not without admiration dipping in her voice. "Language!"

They drank their tea. Presently, ruminative, he said, "The thought crossed my mind to do you in."

"Well, you tried to, William." She swallowed the last drop of tea. "I could have you up for attempted murder, William."

He looked with curiosity into the sharp blaze of light at the window. "Something suddenly broke inside me," he said. "I went to sleep."

"In your way," Bessie said, putting her empty cup on the floor, "you're a good man, William. I intend coming back to you."

"Do I want you?" Curiosity still mused in his voice.

"Yes, William. Otherwise you wouldn't have gone to such trouble to nose me out here. I like a man to show spirit." Her hand gave a large gesture, but the characteristic heave of her bosom was a curtailed one. "It was romantic, William—you breaking in here, just for me! It's like Romeo and Juliet! Last night, when I came in that door with the lamp and found it was you in the bed, I felt myself going double my size. . . . Though I did go weak

in the knees, too," she said in afterthought. "I never believed you had it in you, William."

"Now," he said, staring into his empty cup as though it might reveal the future, "you know what I've got in me."

"Yes, William," she replied soberly. "I do."

—RHYS DAVIES

CAPACITY

Capacity 26 Passengers

—Sign in a bus.

Affable, bibulous, corpulent, dull, eager to find a seat, formidable, garrulous, humorous, icy, jejune, knockabout, laden with luggage (maroon), mild-mannered, narrow-necked, oval-eyed, pert, querulous, rakish, seductive, tart, vertiginous, willowy, xanthic (or yellow), young, zebuesque are my passengers fellow.

—JOHN UPDIKE



"But Mr. Deming, shouldn't we look for help before we huddle together for warmth?"

THE CODE

MY father taught me my view of religion. He had never been very religious, and by the time I was thirteen or fourteen I was so thoroughly committed to his way of thinking that I considered it a great weakness in a man to believe. In a way, this was rather odd. All the women in my family—my mother, my two older sisters, my several maiden aunts—were devout Methodists, and throughout my childhood, in a small town outside Boston, I had spent most of each Sunday in and around the church. But suddenly, one day, I was seeing religion through my father's eyes. It was around the time of my brother's death. I remember so well the religious fervor that swept our home. Day after day, we sat together in the living room, praying, listening to the minister as he gave us his words of comfort, trying to find some refuge from the tragedy that had befallen us. Only my father stood alone. He had no refuge. He had nothing to say that could help me or my mother or even himself. With no one to turn to, with no faith to support him, he suffered, I think, more than any of us. Yet, young as I was, I sensed a curious nobility and dignity in his grief. From that time on, I wanted to grow up to face life as he did—truthfully, without comfort, without support.

My attitude was never one of rebellion. Despite the early regimen of Sunday school and church that my mother had encouraged, she was wonderfully gentle with me, particularly when I began to express my doubts. She would come into my room each night after the light was out and ask me to say my prayers. Determined to be honest with her, I would explain that I could not say them sincerely, and therefore should not say them at all. "Now, Jack," she would reply, very quietly and calmly, "you mustn't talk like that. You'll really feel much better if you say them." I could tell from the tone of her voice that she was hurt, but she never tried to force me in any way. Indeed, it might have been easier for me if she *had* tried to oppose my decision strenuously. As it was, I felt so bad at having wounded her that I was continually trying to make things up—running errands, surprising her by doing the dishes when she went out shopping—behaving, in short, in the most conscientious, considerate fashion. But all this never brought me any closer to her religion. On the contrary, it only served to free me for my decision *not* to believe. And for that deci-

sion, as I say, my father was responsible.

Part of his influence, I suppose, was in his physical quality. Even at that time—when he was in his late forties and in only moderately good health—he was a most impressive figure. He was tall and heavy-chested, with leathery, rough-cast features and with an easy, relaxed rhythm in his walk. He had been an athlete in his youth, and, needless to say, I was enormously proud of his various feats and told about them, with due exaggeration, all over our neighborhood. Still, the physical thing had relatively little to do with the matter. My father, by that time, regarded athletes and athletics with contempt. Now and again, he would take me into the back yard to fool around with boxing gloves, but when it came to something serious, such as my going out for football in high school, he invariably put his foot down. "It takes too much time," he would tell me. "You ought to be thinking of college and your studies. It's nonsense what they make of sports nowadays!" I always wanted to remind him of *his* school days, but I knew it was no use. He had often told me what an unforgivable waste of time he considered his youth to have been.

Thus, although the physical thing was there, it was very much in the background—little more, really, than the simple assumption that a man ought to know how to take care of himself. The real bond between us was spiritual, in the sense that courage, as opposed to strength, is spiritual. It was this intangible quality of courage that I wanted desperately to possess and that, it seemed to me, captured everything that was essential about my father.

We never talked of this quality directly. The nearest we came to it was on certain occasions during the early part of the Second World War, just before I went off to college. We would

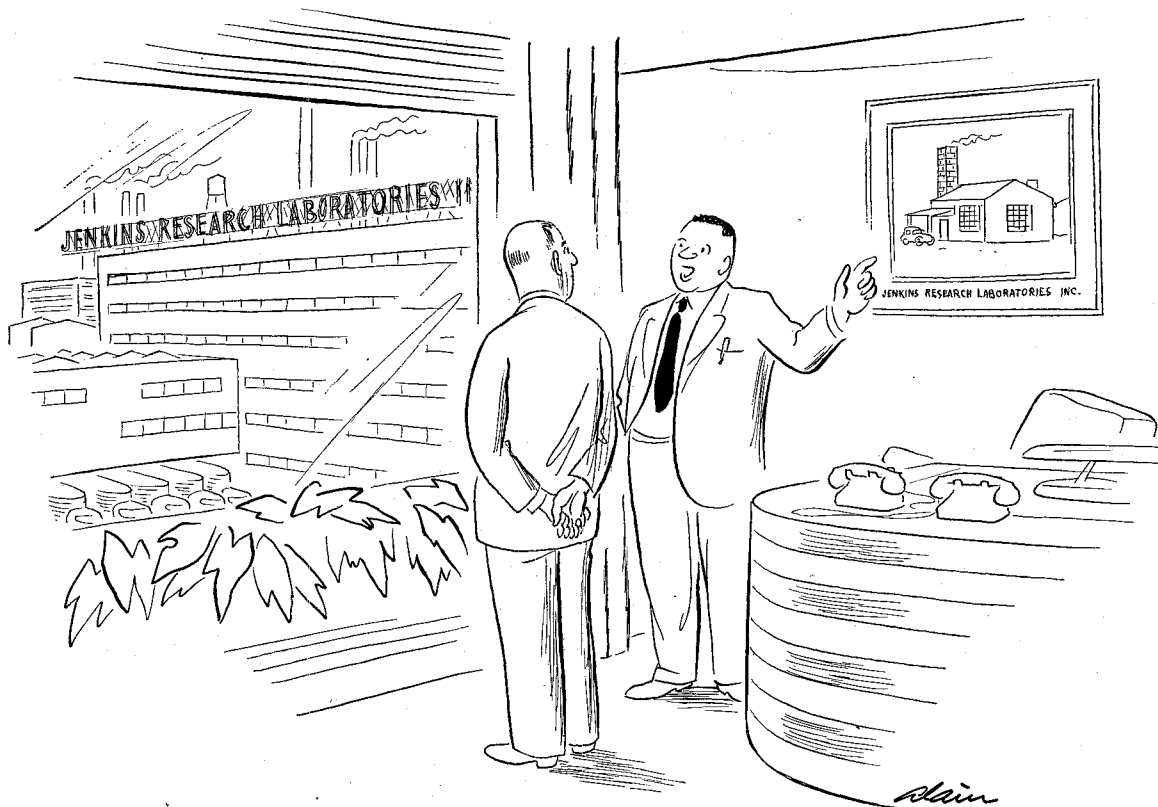


sit in the living room listening to a speech by Winston Churchill, and my father would suddenly clap his fist against his palm. "My God!" he would exclaim, fairly beaming with admiration. "That man's got the heart of a tiger!" And I would listen to the rest of the speech, thrilling to every word, and then, thinking of my father, really, I would say aloud that, of all men in the world, the one I would most like to be was Churchill.

Nor did we often talk about religion. Yet our religion—our rejection of religion—was the deepest statement of the bond between us. My father, perhaps out of deference to my mother and my sisters and aunts, always put his own case very mildly. "It's certainly a great philosophy," he would say of Christianity. "No one could question that. But for the rest . . ." Here he would throw up his hands and cock his head to one side, as if to say that he had tried, but simply could not manage the hurdle of divinity. This view, however mildly it may have been expressed, became mine with absolute clarity and certainty. I concluded that religion was a refuge, without the least foundation in fact. More than that, I positively objected to those—I should say those *men*, for to me it was a peculiarly masculine matter—who turned to religion for support. As I saw it, a man ought to face life as it really is, on his own two feet, without a crutch, as my father did. That was the heart of the matter. By the time I left home for college, I was so deeply committed to this view that I would have considered it a disloyalty to him, to myself, to the code we had lived by, to alter my position in the least.

I DID not see much of my father during the next four years or so. I was home during the summer vacation after my freshman year, but then, in the middle of the next year, I went into the Army. I was shipped to the Far East for the tail end of the war, and was in Japan at the start of the Occupation. I saw my father only once or twice during my entire training period, and, naturally, during the time I was overseas I did not see him at all.

While I was away, his health failed badly. In 1940, before I went off to college, he had taken a job at a defense plant. The plant was only forty miles from our home, but he was working on the night shift, and commuting was extremely complicated and tiresome. And, of course, he was always willing to over-exert himself out of a sense of pride. The result was that late in 1942 he had a heart attack. He came through it quite



"We started out in a modest sort of way, making impartial tests for industry. Then, as time went on, we found that by making our tests a little less impartial . . ."

well, but he made no effort to cut down on his work and, as a consequence, suffered a second, and more serious, attack, two years later. From that time on, he was almost completely bedridden.

I was on my way overseas at the time of the second attack, and I learned of it in a letter from my mother. I think she was trying to spare me, or perhaps it was simply that I could not imagine so robust a man as my father being seriously ill. In any event, I had only the haziest notion of what his real condition was, so when, many months later, I finally did realize what had been going on, I was terribly surprised and shaken. One day, some time after my arrival at an American Army post in Japan, I was called to the orderly room and told that my father was critically ill and that I was to be sent home immediately. Within forty-eight hours, I was standing in the early-morning light outside my father's bedroom, with my mother and sisters at my side. They had told me, as gently as they could, that he was not very well, that he had had another attack. But it was impossible to shield me then. I no sooner stepped into the room and saw him than I realized that he would not live more than a day or two longer.

From that moment on, I did not

want to leave him for a second. Even that night, during the periods when he was sleeping and I was of no help being there, I could not get myself to go out of the room for more than a few minutes. A practical nurse had come to sit up with him, but since I was at the bedside, she finally spent the night in the hallway. I was really quite tired, and late that night my mother and my aunts begged me to go to my room and rest for a while, but I barely heard them. I was sure he would wake up soon, and when he did, I wanted to be there to talk to him.

We did talk a great deal that first day and night. It was difficult for both of us. Every once in a while, my father would shift position in the bed, and I would catch a glimpse of his wasted body. It was a knife in my heart. Even worse were the times when he would reach out for my hand, his eyes misted, and begin to tell me how he felt about me. I tried to look at him, but in the end I always looked down. And, knowing that he was dying, and feeling desperately guilty, I would keep repeating to myself that he knew how I felt, that he would understand why I looked away.

There was another thing, too. While we talked that day, I had a vague feeling that my father was on the verge of

making some sort of confession to me. It was, as I say, only the vaguest impression, and I thought very little about it. The next morning, however, I began to sense what was in the air. Apparently, Mr. Dodds, the minister of my mother's church, whom I barely knew, had been coming to the house lately to talk to my father. My father had not said anything about this, and I learned it only indirectly, from something my mother said to my eldest sister at the breakfast table. At the moment, I brushed the matter aside. I told myself it was natural that Mother would want my father to see the minister at the last. Nevertheless, the very mention of the minister's name caused something to tighten inside me.

Later that day, the matter was further complicated. After lunch, I finally did go to my room for a nap, and when I returned to my father's room, I found him and my mother talking about Mr. Dodds. The conversation ended almost as soon as I entered, but I was left with the distinct impression that they were expecting the minister to pay a visit that day, whether very shortly or at suppertime or later in the evening, I could not tell. I did not ask. In fact, I made a great effort not to think of the matter at all.

Then, early that evening, my father spoke to me. I knew before he said a word that the minister *was* coming. My mother had straightened up the bedroom, and fluffed up my father's pillows so that he was half sitting in the bed. No one had told me anything, but I was sure what the preparations meant. "I guess you probably know," my father said to me when we were alone, "we're having a visitor tonight. It's—ah—Mr. Dodds. You know, the minister from your mother's church."

I nodded, half shrugging, as if I saw nothing the least unusual in the news.

"He's come here before once or twice," my father said. "Have I mentioned that? I can't remember if I've mentioned that."

"Yes, I know. I think Mother said

something, or perhaps you did. I don't remember."

"I just thought I'd let you know. You see, your mother wanted me to talk to him. I— I've talked to him more for her sake than anything else."

"Sure. I can understand that."

"I think it makes her feel a little better. I think—" Here he broke off, seemingly dissatisfied with what he was saying. His eyes turned to the ceiling, and he shook his head slightly, as if to erase the memory of his words. He studied the ceiling for a long time before he spoke again. "I don't mean it was all your mother exactly," he said. "Well, what I mean is he's really quite an interesting man. I think you'd probably like him a good deal."

"I know Mother has always liked him," I replied. "From what I gather, most people seem to like him very much."

"Well, he's that sort," my father went on, with quickening interest. "I mean, he isn't what you'd imagine at all. To tell the truth, I wish you'd talk to him a little. I wish you'd talk things over with him right from scratch." My father was looking directly at me now, his eyes flashing.

"I'd be happy to talk with him sometime," I said. "As I say, everybody seems to think very well of him."

"Well, I wish you would. You see, when you're lying here day after day, you get to thinking about things. I mean, it's good to have someone to talk to." He paused for a moment. "Tell me," he said, "have you ever . . . have you ever wondered if there wasn't some truth in it? Have you ever thought about it that way at all?"

I made a faint gesture with my hand. "Of course, it's always possible to wonder," I replied. "I don't suppose you can ever be completely certain one way or the other."

"I know, I know," he said, almost impatiently. "But have you ever felt—well, all in a sort of flash—that it *was* true? I mean, have you ever had that feeling?"

He was half raised up from the pillow now, his eyes staring into me with a feverish concentration. Suddenly, I could not look at him any longer. I lowered my head.

"I don't mean permanently or anything like that," he went

on. "But just for a few seconds. The feeling that you've been wrong all along. Have you had that feeling—ever?"

I could not look up. I could not move. I felt that every muscle in my body had suddenly frozen. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, I heard him sink back into the pillows. When I glanced up a moment later, he was lying there silent, his eyes closed, his lips parted, conveying somehow the image of the death that awaited him.

Presently, my mother came to the door. She called me into the hall to tell me that Mr. Dodds had arrived. I said that I thought my father had fallen asleep but that I would go back and see.

It was strangely disheartening to me to discover that he was awake. He was sitting there, his eyes open, staring grimly into the gathering shadows of the evening.

"Mr. Dodds is downstairs," I said matter-of-factly. "Mother wanted to know if you felt up to seeing him tonight."

For a moment, I thought he had not heard me; he gave no sign of recognition whatever. I went to the foot of the

bed and repeated myself. He nodded, not answering the question but simply indicating that he had heard me. At length, he shook his head. "Tell your mother I'm a little tired tonight," he said. "Perhaps— well, perhaps some other time."

"I could ask him to come back later, if you'd like."

"No, no, don't bother. I— I could probably use the rest."

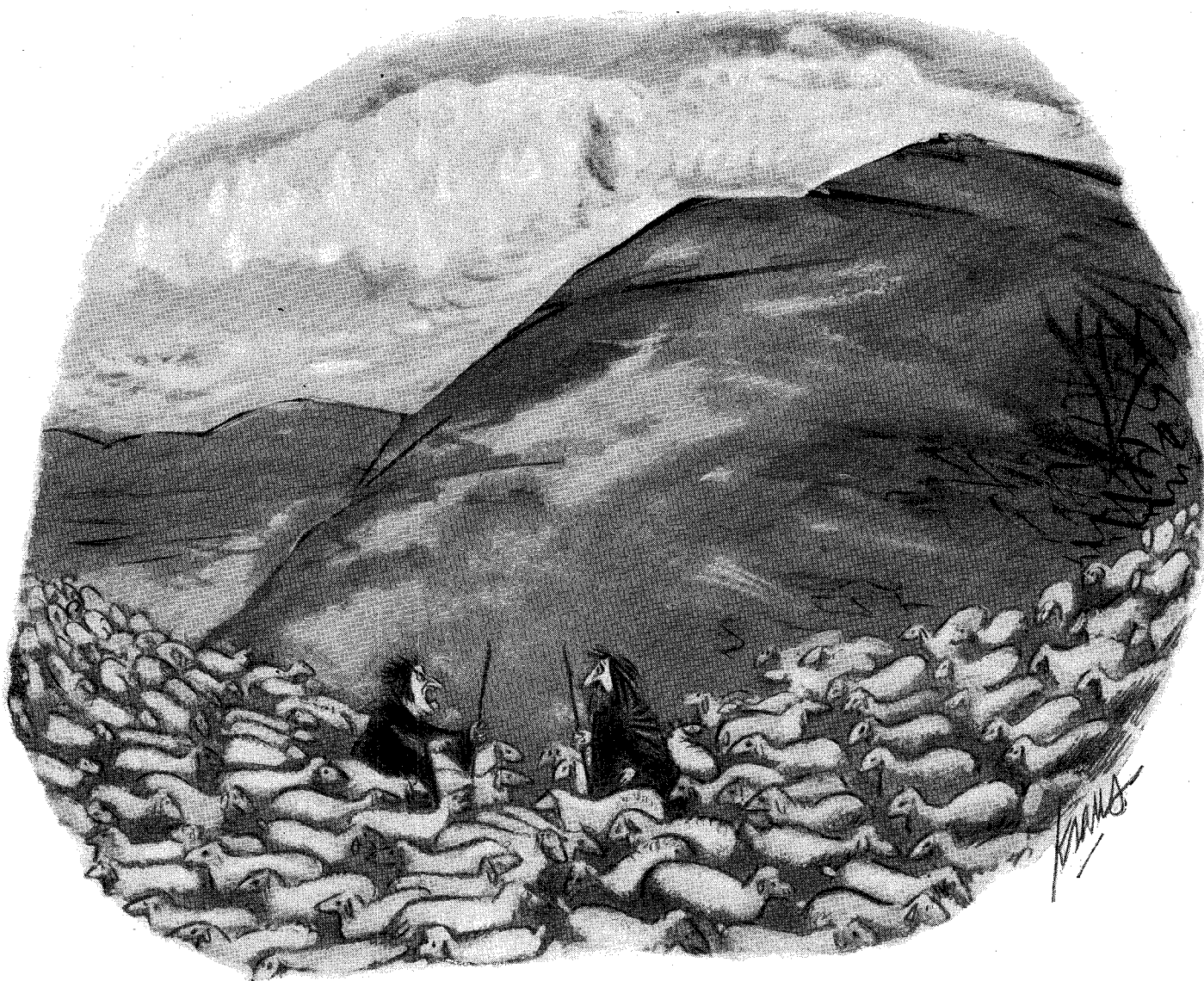
I waited a few seconds. "Are you sure?" I asked. "I'm certain he could come back in an hour or so."

Then, suddenly, my father was looking at me. I shall never forget his face at that moment and the expression burning in his eyes. He was pleading with me to speak. And all I could say was that I would be happy to ask Mr. Dodds to come back later, if he wanted it that way. It was not enough. I knew, instinctively, at that moment that it was not enough. But I could not say anything more.

As quickly as it had come, the burning flickered and went out. He sank back into the pillows again. "No, you can tell him I won't be needing him



"A star means what?"



"Why in hell don't you watch where you're going!"

tonight," he said, without interest. "Tell him not to bother waiting around." Then he turned on his side, away from me, and said no more.

So my father did not see Mr. Dodds that night. Nor did he ever see him again. Shortly after midnight, just after my mother and sisters had gone to bed, he died. I was at his side then, but I could not have said exactly when it occurred. He must have gone off in his sleep, painlessly, while I sat there awake beside him.

IN the days that followed, our family was together almost constantly. Curiously enough, I did not think much about my father just then. For some reason, I felt the strongest sense of responsibility toward the family. I found myself making the arrangements for the funeral, protecting Mother from the stream of people who came to the house, speaking words of consolation to

my sisters and even to my aunts. I was never alone except at night, when a kind of oblivion seized me almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. My sleep was dreamless, numb.

Then, two weeks after the funeral, I left for Fort Devens, where I was to be discharged from the Army. I had been there three days when I was told that my terminal leave would begin immediately and that I was free to return home. I had half expected that when I was at the Fort, separated from the family, something would break inside me. But still no emotion came. I thought of my father often during that time, but, search as I would, I could find no sign of feeling.

Then, when I had boarded the train for home, it happened. Suddenly, for no reason whatever, I was thinking of the expression on my father's face that last night in the bedroom. I saw him as he lay there pleading with me

to speak. And I knew then what he had wanted me to say to him—that it was really all right with me, that it wouldn't change anything between us if he gave way. And then I was thinking of myself and what I had said and what I had *not* said. Not a word to help! Not a word!

I wanted to beg his forgiveness. I wanted to cry out aloud to him. But I was in a crowded train, sitting with three elderly women just returning from a shopping tour. I turned my face to the window. There, silent, unnoticed, I thought of what I might have said.

—RICHARD T. GILL

Helena firemen today received 28 letters thanking them for their efforts which destroyed Beck Motors at 417 Fuller last Wednesday night.—*Helena (Mont.) Independent Record*.

Twenty-eight?

* * P R O F I L E S * *

POWDER YOUR FACE WITH SUNSHINE~I

TO many devotees of jazz, the durability of Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, the Royal Canadians, is just about the most infuriating thing that has ever happened. A lecturer on jazz at the New School for Social Research once admonished his students to steep themselves thoroughly in the Lombardo style, so they would be able to get out of earshot the minute they heard the first bar of anything even remotely resembling it. John Hammond, the jazz impresario and one of the most authoritative and articulate commentators in the field, can generally bring himself to utter a no more eloquent pronouncement on Lombardo than a strangled repetition of the word "awful." Despite this sort of elevated disdain, the Lombardo outfit has turned up for nearly thirty years at or near the top of the polls that are periodically taken to assess the popularity of dance bands. It is Lombardo who regularly provides the melodies at inaugural balls in Washington, at World Series games in the Yankee Stadium, at World's Fairs, and at other mass assemblies. "The reason why Guy Lombardo is so popular is because the world has so many dumb people," a music critic whose convictions were stronger than his grammar once wrote. Whatever the accuracy of this critic's intelligence test, people have flunked it over the past three decades in such numbers that the Royal Canadians' gross income has averaged close to a million dollars for every one of those years—an achievement vastly exceeding that of any comparable musical organization. There are countless Americans for whom a new year does not officially begin until, at the stroke of midnight on December 31st, they hear Lombardo's velvety broadcast of "Auld Lang Syne," emanating from the Grill of the Hotel Roosevelt. On several New Year's Eves, they have been somewhat confused to hear it twice—over each of two radio networks that felt unable to carry on without Lombardo at this traditionally misty-eyed moment. On these occasions, C.B.S. bagged him for the last fifteen minutes of the old year, and N.B.C. for the first fifteen of the new, and between them they stretched out the stroke of midnight considerably.



Guy Lombardo

Lombardo, who is fifty-four, was piping in new years before there were any networks to pipe for. Although he perhaps no longer qualifies for some of the descriptive labels that were attached to him a generation ago—Lothario of Music, Adonis of Band Leaders, and the like—he is remarkably well preserved. Five feet four inches tall, with heavy-lidded and slightly hyperthyroid eyes, coal-black hair that is beginning to thin in back, and an enormous pair of ears, he still presents a jaunty figure as he stands in front of his band, a half smile almost always on his lips, his feet shuffling reflexively to the beat they know so well. He has been a performer for over forty years, but he still manages to achieve a disarming air of dilettantism while conducting—holding his baton languidly, as if he suspected that too tight a grip on it might evoke a cymbal crash. He used to conduct with a violin, and early in his career even played it, but he switched to a baton after a New Year's Eve party in 1937, when Abe Lyman, who happened to be sitting in with the band, playfully seized his fiddle, a notoriously cheap one, and broke it over his head.

Of the fifteen musicians who currently constitute the Royal Canadians, seven, including Lombardo, were born in London, Ontario, and grew up together there. Three of the seven are Lombardo's brothers: Carmen, fifty-three, who not only plays alto saxo-

phone, clarinet, and flute but was the band's original singer and helped compose many of the numbers in its standard repertoire; Lebert, fifty-one, who plays first trumpet; and Victor, forty-five, who plays baritone saxophone, soprano saxophone, and clarinet. A sister, Rosemarie, used to sing with the band, and its present principal vocalist, Kenny Gardner, is married to another Lombardo sister, Elaine. The roots of the band go deep into the past; one London man—Fred Kreitzer, the pianist—is still amiably referred to by the Canadians in the Royal Canadians as the Enemy, a nickname that dates back to the unpopularity of his Germanic name in Ontario during the First World War. All the Londoners in the band—George Gowans, the drummer, and Fred Higman, a saxophonist, are the two others—are now American citizens.

EVERY year since 1929, except for two seasons in California during the early thirties, the Lombardos have put in from five to six months, between fall and spring, at the Roosevelt Grill. The band has an exceptionally rewarding financial arrangement with the management, whereby it receives twenty-five per cent of the Grill's gross receipts for the whole of the time it plays there. Since close to twenty thousand customers frequent the room each month during the season, running up checks that average about fourteen dollars a couple, the band takes in some seventy-five hundred dollars a week from this source alone. While Guy is the acknowledged leader of the organization, Carmen and Lebert share equally with him in its profits, and the three of them are also partners in several other enterprises, among them a bustling restaurant called Guy Lombardo's East Point House, at Freeport, Long Island; a number of oil properties; and the production of the annual summer musical shows at Jones Beach. The youngest Lombardo brother, Victor—called the Kid by the others, although he is the only grandfather of the lot—gets a lesser cut, because, after playing with the band for sixteen years, he quit it in 1946 to organize a band of his own. This independent venture was unsuc-

cessful, and in 1951 he returned to the fold. An insight into the relative value of the individual Royal Canadians to the organization as a whole was provided in 1941, when the band took out a million dollars' worth of life insurance on its personnel. Guy and Carmen were pegged at two hundred thousand each, Lebert at a hundred and fifty thousand, Victor at a hundred thousand, and the seven musicians who then completed the roster at fifty thousand each.

Though perhaps somewhat less affluent than the Rockefeller brothers, the Lombardos are just as close-knit. All four of them live on Long Island, within easy driving distance of one another. Guy and Lebert can even walk, since their houses, which are near their

restaurant in Freeport, are only two hundred yards apart. It is rare for any of the four of them to take a vacation without chatting by phone every day with at least one of the others. The brothers have worked hard in order to get and (Victor's five-year defection aside) to stay where they are. Sometimes, to be sure, they quarrel—every now and then Guy and Carmen hardly speak to each other for a couple of months at a stretch—but when the welfare of the band is at stake, they are united. One bygone summer, while the brothers were vacationing on the South Shore of Long Island, a press agent for the band sought to capitalize on the then raging miniature-golf craze by issuing an announcement, based

entirely on his imagination, that they had laid out a course for the game there with half-buried musical instruments serving as hazards. Reacting more enthusiastically to this hot-weather item than its originator had anticipated, a newsreel company called the press agent to say that they would like to take some pictures of the setup. The press agent, in turn, called the Lombardos, and confessed what a spot his zeal had got them all into. Rather than let him—or, what was more to the point, the band's name—down, Guy, Carmen, Lebert, and Victor grabbed whatever instruments they could lay their hands on and constructed a makeshift course, sinking a tuba in the sand as the final hazard only seconds before the cameramen drove up.

Dance-band musicians in general are a hard-living and flighty lot, but not the members of the Lombardo band. At their leader's insistence, they maintain a level of decorum that is a marvel of the industry. Lombardo once fired a musician for chewing gum on the stand during an engagement at the Waldorf. Even though Carmen and Lebert are co-owners of the band, they must observe one of Guy's inflexible rules, which forbids his players to touch alcohol at any time from the start of an evening's work until the last intermission; then one drink—no more—is authorized. "I don't believe in drinking during office hours, and our office hours are from seven to two," Guy Lombardo says. "Let the customers do the drinking." Every evening, each Lombardo musician must wear a fresh carnation in his dinner jacket—an edict that, year in and year out for twenty-five of the last twenty-seven winters, his men have complied with locally by stopping off for a boutonniere at Kottmiller's florist shop, in the Roosevelt lobby. To date, the



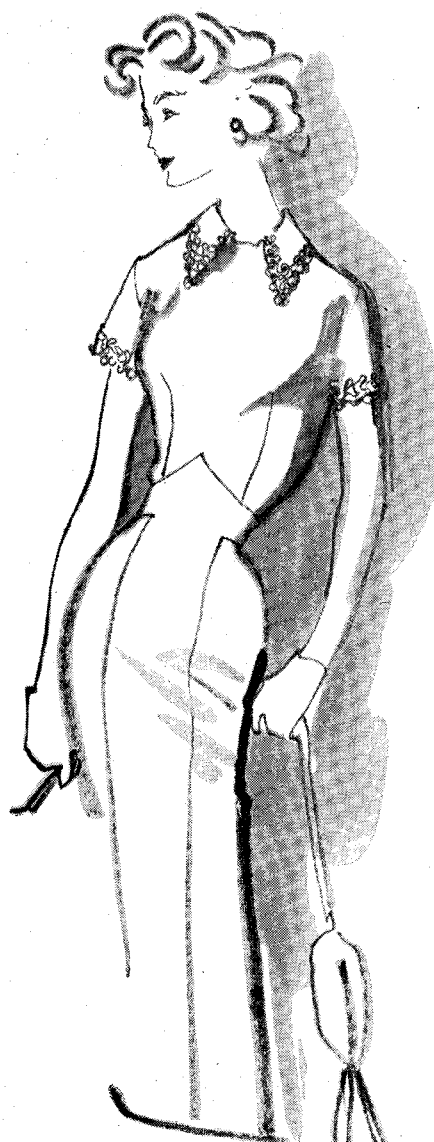
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band has thus accounted for about four thousand dozen carnations.

Most bands that can afford the luxury have an aide—known as a band boy, regardless of his age—whose principal job is to cart their instruments and music stands around, have them ready for each performance, and pick them up when it's over. Lombardo could, if he chose, retain a whole band of band boys, but he has never had even one. He feels that his men are capable of looking after their own equipment. Once, Lombardo recalled the other day, they were set to go at the Roosevelt seven minutes after concluding a broadcast at a C.B.S. studio six blocks away. "All but one of us, that is," he added. "We had a new reed man with us then, and he hadn't got accustomed to our way of doing things. So after the broadcast he sat back, swabbed his clarinet, dried out his mouthpiece, and then looked around. He was all alone. Before he even got out of the studio, the rest of us were playing at the Grill."

THE wine list at the Roosevelt Grill offers something called a Lombardo Smile Cocktail, which is made of fresh lemon juice, gin, grenadine, and kirschwasser, and which has one quality in common with its namesake's music: some people find it appealing, others appalling. In 1947, the trade magazine *Down Beat*, which is almost invariably in the appalled group when it comes to an appraisal of the band, used the phrase "torn mink and old diamonds" to characterize a typical gathering of admirers of the Lombardo Smile and the Lombardo music. That, however, would seem to be a far from precise description of what another jazz publication has called "the Lombardo-stricken American public." Among the contributors to one recent day's batch of Lombardo fan mail was a man who wrote that he was eighty-eight years old, blind, and failing fast, and whose last earthly request was "Before I die, let me hear 'Valencia' by you." Another was a high-school teacher in the Midwest, who was bringing some of her pupils to New York on a junket and planned to shepherd the whole bunch of them into the Grill, which she recalled from her own teens as the ideal spot for seemingly merrymaking. Still another was from a fifteen-year-old girl, who wrote that her parents were about to celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and that she had been saving up her baby-sitting money in order to treat them to an evening in the Grill, "where

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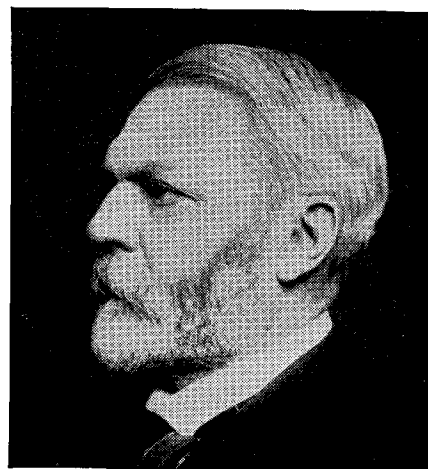
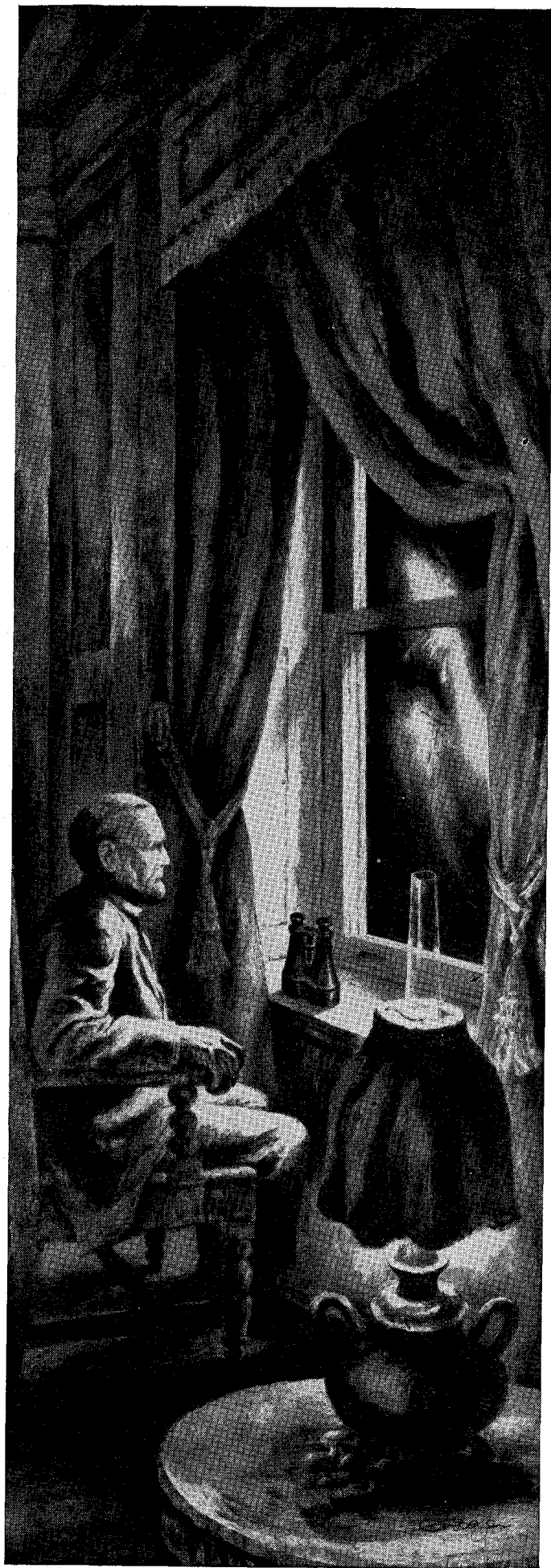
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Dad courted Mom." For the television show on which the band is currently appearing—a program that ostensibly shows guests dancing during the dinner hour in a hotel but is actually filmed in a studio—Lombardo hires actors to impersonate his sort of customers. Since most of the job-seekers he auditions are young, he enhances the impression of realism by instructing some of the ones he engages to dust their hair with white powder. "There are no age limits to the people who like our music," Carmen Lombardo said the other day. "Maybe we get them at fourteen and maybe at sixteen, and maybe not till forty, or even sixty, but eventually we get them, and when we get them we keep them."

Now and then, a jazz expert shamefacedly confesses that the Lombardos have got even *him*, at some age or other. Marshall Stearns, the scholarly director of an esoteric local research center called the Institute of Jazz Studies, not long ago admitted that some of the first phonograph records he ever collected, a generation back, were Guy Lombardo's. In 1949, a *Down Beat* columnist named John S. Wilson revealed that he had been guilty of a similar youthful weakness; as a child, he wrote, he used to lie on the floor and listen to Lombardo records for hours. But Wilson went much further than Stearns, compounding this heresy with the statement that although he had spent the past twenty years trying to suppress his errant addiction, he still felt "strange subterranean quirks when the Royal Canadians come cooing out of the radio," and adding that at such times "occasionally we have to forcibly resist our impulse to throw ourselves on the nearest floor and let the soft clouds of an age of wonderful innocence sweep over us again."

For the most part, however, jazz authorities have repressed such frailties, or else have been less candid about owning up to them; in either case, they have treated Lombardo with unflagging contempt. "Schmaltz King," "Sachem of the Saccharine," and "Prince of Wails" are typical of the not always inspired but consistently disparaging titles they have pinned on him. *Down Beat* used to single out the band leader most distasteful to its readers and crown him "King of Corn." Lombardo held this backhanded distinction until 1942, when he was deposed by Spike Jones and his City Slickers. In a series of anagrams based on musicians' names, *Metronome*, another trade journal, could do no better with Guy Lombardo's than "Goodly Rumba," but its readers felt

Don't look now, but...

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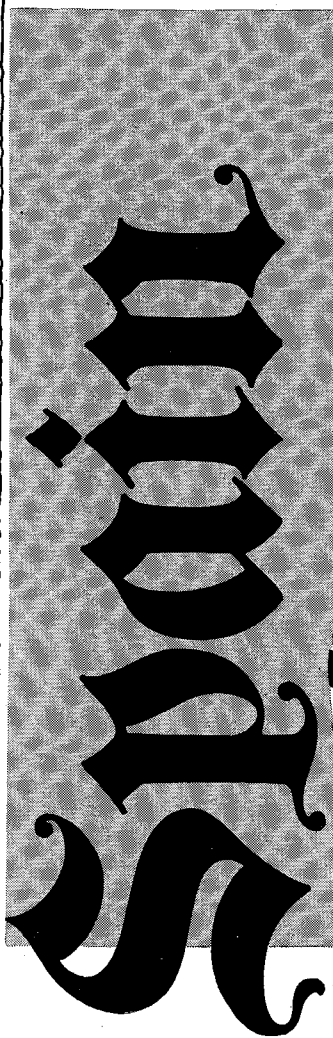
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that it was definitely on target when it came up with "Real Bad Corn, Mom" for Carmen. According to a tired old joke among professional bandsmen, any musician who gets fed up with his métier can always switch to another by signing on with Guy Lombardo, or—as the really funny boys say it—Guy Lombago. In another well-worn jest, a hotel manager is interviewing a broken-down band leader who is trying to land an engagement for his orchestra. "What kind of outfit you got?" asks the manager, and the band leader replies, "Just like Lombardo's. Fifteen men." On a higher critical level, Lombardo's music has evoked such appraisals as "candied sentimentality," "drooling musical saccharine," and "mewling ineptness." Some jazz connoisseurs will concede that what he plays is singularly conducive to dancing, but in doing so they are likely to balance each moderately kind word with a harsh one. Several years ago, John Hammond, who is generally far more concerned with the effect of music on his ears than on his feet, was beguiled by a young lady into accompanying her to the Roosevelt Grill and, after a renewed barrage of blandishments, out onto the dance floor while Lombardo was playing a standby of his called "I Love to Bumpity Bump on a Bumpy Road with You." Asked afterward how he had enjoyed the experience, Hammond replied, "It was horrible, but easy."

Normally, Lombardo is unruffled by the things his detractors say about him. (The Roller Skating Institute of America may have had this in mind when, in 1950, it conferred on him its annual Good Skate Award.) He is a proof-of-the-pudding man—serene, confident, and in a position to demonstrate that he manufactures a dependable, popular, and profitable product. "Guy can ignore people who call his music syrupy slush for just the same reasons that old Henry Ford could ignore people who called his cars Tin Lizzies," one of his admirers has said. Lombardo's habitual imperviousness to ridicule was not shaken even when a story made the rounds a while ago to the effect that his fellow band leader Xavier Cugat, as proof of his ability to survive invective, had told an interviewer, "Why, they've called me everything. They've even called me Guy Lombardo."

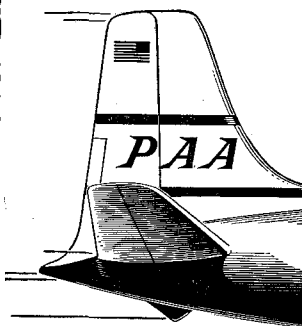
IF Lombardo, as the gags and taunts and polysyllabic brickbats whistle about his ears, should ever weaken and reach out for support, he can always find it, strong and willing, in the person of Louis Armstrong—who, ironical-



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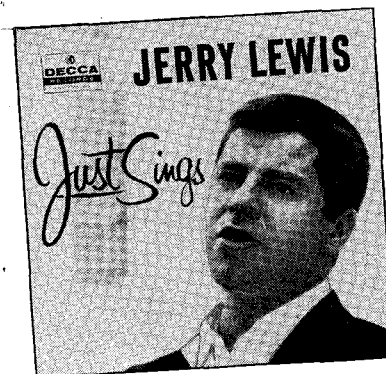
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ly, stands at the top of almost every jazz expert's list of immortals. "The Lombardos are my inspirators," Armstrong says, and nothing confounds the experts more than to hear him say it. He has been a champion of Lombardo's music ever since he first heard it, in 1928, while both men were filling engagements in Chicago. The Royal Canadians had to play on Sunday nights, and Armstrong, who had those evenings off, would spend them reverently listening to Lombardo. A year or so ago, during a dance at a convention of General Electric appliance dealers in Atlantic City, Armstrong showed that his admiration for Lombardo had not waned with the passing of time. The bands of both men were present, playing alternately, and as the evening wore on, Armstrong found himself so entranced by Lombardo's music that instead of taking a break while the Royal Canadians were on the stand, he stayed around to listen to them. Pretty soon he was joining in, peppering their restrained, unvarying arrangements with exuberant improvisations on his trumpet. Lombardo regrets that nobody thought of recording that novel performance. "A couple of people who heard about it afterward and found that we hadn't taped it have told me they're going to feel frustrated the rest of their lives," he says.

Armstrong has often been asked to explain why he has such a high opinion of the Royal Canadians' music when it is so unlike his own. "They play music, good music," he once replied. "They can play anything, and everything they play is just about perfect. Music for me, music that's good. You just want to hear it again." Some jazz highbrows who would be delighted never to hear it again churlishly attribute Armstrong's fondness for Lombardo to the same inexplicable quirkiness that occasionally moves a thoroughbred race horse to pal around with a goat. Others, tending to lump Armstrong with the millions who share his addiction, suggest that he is a sap. "Louis's liking for Lombardo is an indication that musicians are not always the best judges of music," a critic said sourly a while back. Still others feel sure that Armstrong must be kidding. One such skeptic, a jazz commentator, paid an unheralded call on Armstrong not long ago and was crestfallen to come upon him sitting alone before a phonograph and listening raptly to a new Lombardo record. "I felt like a deacon finding his pastor absorbed in a volume of Boccaccio," the visitor said later.

Lombardo reciprocates Armstrong's



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respect, but he has a more personal feeling toward another trumpet player, of the same alien school—Louis Prima. In 1934, while filling a two-week engagement in New Orleans, Lombardo was walking past a Bourbon Street honky-tonk one night after work when some exciting trumpet blasts emanating from it caused him to venture inside. There was Prima. Lombardo went back to the place every night. "I couldn't get enough of it," he says. "Everybody told me I was nuts, but I told them, 'I don't care if I am. I like it.'" On returning to New York, he got in touch with several impresarios and urged them to give Prima a try. But at that time Lombardo's own style of sweet music was at the height of its vogue, and he could stir up little enthusiasm for Prima's freewheeling brassiness. Finally, however, the management of the Famous Door, on West Fifty-second Street, consented to sign up the trumpet player on a trial basis. Prima was such a hit that rival establishments quickly brought in musicians of the same school, and soon the street became synonymous with hot music. "Isn't that a twist?" Lombardo says. "Imagine! Lombardo started Swing Street!"

It is a twist that many jazz cultists fail to appreciate; indeed, its implications are enough to make them really blow their tops. In their opinion, even to associate Lombardo's name with jazz is bad enough, and to suggest that he was in any way a pioneer in its development is simply unbearable. To back up the strong stand they take, they can cite the "Encyclopedia of Jazz," in which Leonard Feather, its editor, calls Lombardo's music "the antithesis of jazz." On the other hand, Marshall Stearns, the Institute of Jazz Studies man, assumes a more tolerant, though still lofty, attitude toward the matter. Three years ago, during a seminar at the Institute, a sneering reference to Lombardo by one of the participants prompted Stearns to remark, "Well, now, if we're going to study jazz in our society, we've got to take jazz not as the cultist takes it but as a broad cultural area of which even Guy Lombardo is a part." In view of Stearns' self-confessed boyhood aberration, however, his judgment may be suspect.

AMONG the many reasons the cultists scoff at Lombardo is that he resolutely refuses to allow his band to indulge in any of the improvisation that is the heart of true jazz. They also ridicule his rhythm section, which, they say, is muted almost to the point



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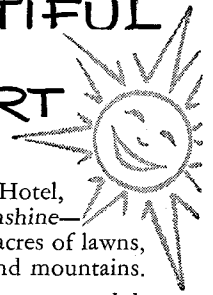
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of being inaudible. According to an apocryphal but not irrelevant story, Lombardo once led his band through a half-hour radio broadcast without realizing that his drummer, who had been caught in a traffic jam, was not present. Lombardo does not bridle at this bit of fiction. "We've never been able to see much music in a drum," he says complacently. George Gowans, his drummer, is a sedate, professorial-looking man of fifty-one, who exasperates television directors by an apparently constitutional inability to flail his arms around and make frenzied faces. "George would be useless in an ordinary band," Lombardo says. "He can't make a racket."

Lombardo is not critical of bands that make a racket. He believes, though, that many of them have a tendency to go overboard for passing fads. "I don't play for acrobats," he says. "I never switch to a fad. There's been bop and swing, and there was a time when everybody was on a Latin-American kick, and now there's rock-and-roll. They come and they go, like waves, and we ride them out. The trouble with a fad is that if a band takes it up wholeheartedly, when the fad dies out—as it's bound to, sooner or later—the band dies with it. A lot of band leaders are deluded by listening to the disc jockeys' opinions of what's great. Why, if you tune in on a disc jockey nowadays, you begin to wonder what American music is coming to. Some of these disc jockeys don't know that there are still people around who love beautiful music."

Lombardo's own music is as consistent and as meticulously prepared as a perfect soufflé. He has three rigorous criteria for testing every one of his numbers before he serves it up: it must be easy to dance to, its melody must be easy to spot, and, above all, it must bear the unmistakable mark of the Royal Canadians. Lombardo's style is so readily recognizable that even people who are only moderately well acquainted with the individual characteristics of today's dance bands can confidently identify it after listening to no more than half a dozen bars, whatever the tune. One reason is his persistence in using a tuba instead of a bass viol, and another is the way his tuba is played. Back in the twenties, the oompah-oompah of a tuba was a routine part of the rhythm section of practically every dance band, but the instrument was gradually discarded in favor of the bass viol—by everybody except Lombardo. His tuba, however, is not of the conventional, frog-croaking variety; instead, it

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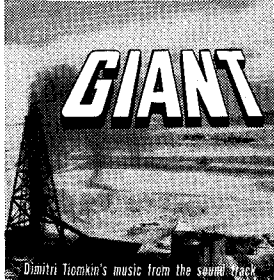
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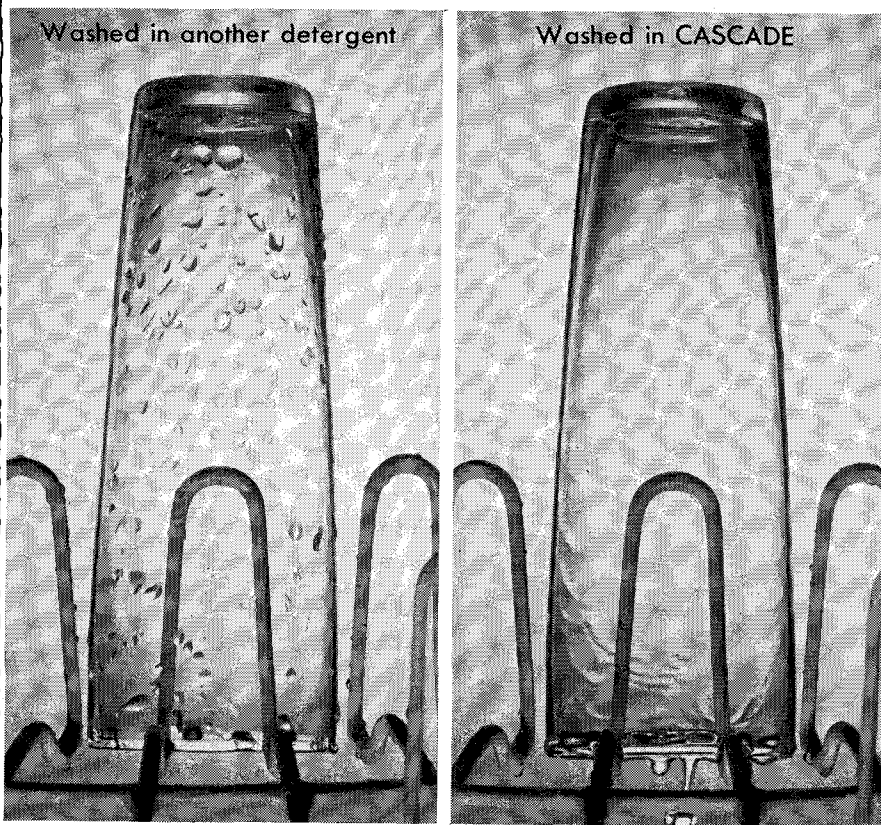
slurs from note to note, providing an obbligato to the slurring saxophones for which his band is equally noted, and, with them, creating an effect that one music critic has described as "a rather teary *vox-humana* tremble." Although Lombardo would not be likely to phrase it that way, he would agree with the general idea, for he firmly believes that musical instruments should come as close as possible to simulating the human voice. It may be significant that when the Mills Brothers, operating in reverse, imitate musical instruments with their voices, they sound not unlike the Royal Canadians.

The air of seeming detachment with which the oldest Lombardo conducts the band is more than offset by the ardor of brother Carmen, who acts as the energetic pace-setter for the instrumentalists. A strong disciple of the *vox-humana* theory, he does his best to duplicate the human singing voice—or, at any rate, his own singing voice, a singularly aspenlike one—and the result is his familiar quaking saxophone tones. Brother Lebert's special province is the brass section. His trumpet style has been much influenced by Carmen's vibrato technique on the saxophone. Like all the Lombardos, Lebert is essentially self-taught, but once, in a conscientious attempt to improve his playing, he took a few lessons with a professional teacher, who ordered him to cut out that infernal vibrato. "For a few days, Leb obeyed his teacher," Guy says. "And he sounded as though he was playing through a gas pipe. So I told him to stop taking lessons. Music teachers don't know the first thing about vibrato. Ninety per cent of them say that you mustn't have vibrato in reeds or brass, but that you mustn't play a violin or cello or flute without it. What kind of nonsense is that—having an orchestra half with vibrato and half without? We believe you've got to have feeling in music, and feeling comes easiest with vibrato. This is a big issue with us, and we'll argue with the whole world on it—not that we have to, because we've proved our point."

Infuriated by such self-assurance, many authorities on the subject insist on prolonging the argument. One critic, writing in the magazine *Orchestra World*, described the Royal Canadians' saxophone style as "a wailing anticipation done in the throat," and objected to its "milky" quality and "the unsteadiness and noodling of its character." Other analysts have been even more cruel, calling the band's saxophones chronically sharp, or, to put it bluntly,

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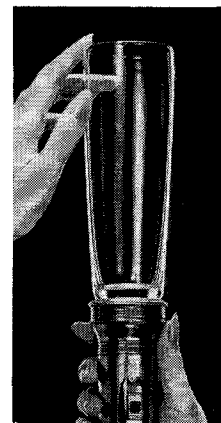
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off key. The Lombardos are not fazed by this allegation. Their leader once answered it by saying that most people sing off key, and Carmen has declared, "Our sound is down-to-earth sound, of a sort the layman understands." Through the years, many people have found it hard to believe that the sounds produced by Carmen and his fellow-saxophonists can be made—as, in fact, they are made—with conventional musical instruments, undoctored in any way. From time to time, there have been rumors that the Lombardo saxophonists use trick mouthpieces or—from people susceptible to press agency or sophomoric fantasy—that they fill the bells of their instruments with corn whiskey, warm milk, or molasses. Twenty years ago, when there were at least a dozen professional bands and nobody knows how many semi-professional ones aping the Lombardo style, youthful would-be imitators occasionally sneaked up onto the bandstand while the Royal Canadians were taking a breather, and stole a mouthpiece, or tipped a saxophone upside down to see if there was anything in it.

Professional musicians, of course, were above such gauche antics, but they had their own methods of attempting to acquire some of the Lombardo cachet. The most renowned of Lombardo's imitators was Jan Garber, whom a cartoonist once pictured as rehearsing his band by sitting in front of a radio loudspeaker, pencil and paper in hand, and taking notes on a Lombardo broadcast, thus increasing his supply of what *Down Beat* has called "the Lombardo stocks that made him a fortune." *Orchestra World* on one occasion snippily reviewed a Garber record in these words, "Jan Garber gives us a Garber-par (or Lombardo-par?) recording in 'Dear Diary' and 'Serenade in the Night.'" An eclectic leader, Garber has had bands of various types during his long career, but it is generally agreed that he achieved his greatest success when he was most nearly in the Lombardo groove. Lombardo now says that he and his former rival are the best of friends, but for a while Garber really nettled him, because he got so much closer than most band leaders to copying the Lombardo style. Lombardo never took the rest of the imitators too seriously, because of the general ineptness of their imitations, but at one point he acknowledged their competition to the extent of considering the idea of licensing bands in various parts of the country to use his carefully guarded arrangements. The popularity of



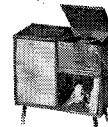
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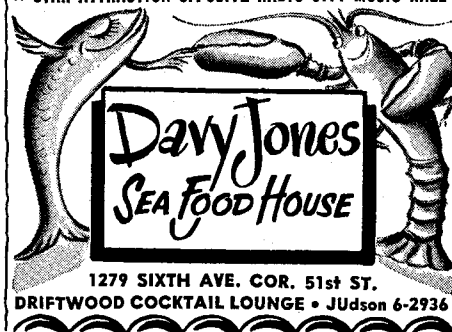
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most popular music is notably ephemeral, and almost every dance band's music library is subject to a rapid turnover. The shelves of Lombardo's library are widely conceded to house the industry's largest and hoariest collection of scores. As a rule, he keeps around five hundred arrangements within easy reach in a file room of the Roosevelt, and about a hundred and fifty on the bandstand itself. When he was starting out in Ontario, he and his handful of colleagues usually just improvised an arrangement until they had arrived at a pattern of sound that pleased them. Thirty years ago, in Cleveland, the band played its first formal arrangement—a treatment by the pianist Fred Kreitzer of Vincent Youmans' "Wildflower." Shortly afterward, a saxophone player named Larry Owen joined the crew, and in 1927 he became its principal arranger—a role he has filled, except for a few years' absence, ever since. Owen no longer plays in the band; he now devotes his time exclusively to figuring out ways of fitting all kinds of odd-shaped tunes into the firm Lombardo mold.

In 1940, after a quarter of a century of singing in public, Carmen Lombardo unaccountably developed mike fright, but until that time he was the band's chief vocalist. He was one of the first crooners, reciting lyrics in an uncompromising nasal style that Hammond has called "so awful its badness is magnificent." Carmen is the author, or co-author, of some two hundred and fifty songs—among them "Boo Hoo," "Powder Your Face with Sunshine," and "Coquette" (which a music columnist, after hearing him sing it, suggested might well be retitled "Croquette")—and when the band is playing one of these, he does not let his fear of the microphone deter him from singing it, but otherwise he pretty much sticks to the saxophone or flute. When Carmen stepped down as a soloist, Kenny Gardner was hired as his replacement. Gardner was a perfect selection, not only because he fitted snugly into the family by marrying the bosses' sister but because his singing is marked by the indomitable cheerfulness that has always been a basic characteristic of the orchestra. Guy Lombardo has said that he hasn't much use for torch songs unless their lyrics contain some promise—implicit or, better, explicit—that everything is going to turn out all right in the end. Larry Owen claims he can't make an arrangement on a rainy day. The whole band, in fact, is infected with a

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powder-your-face-with-sunshine spirit, and Gardner enters into this spirit with zest; he even sings "I'll Never Smile Again" with a glassy grin.

A BOOKING agent once suggested to Lombardo that maybe he was putting in more time at the Roosevelt Grill than a band leader ought to devote to any one spot. "Look, I'm a dance band," Lombardo told him. "Dance bands have to have homes, so people will know where to find them when they want to dance. The Roosevelt is my home, and as far as I'm concerned, I can't be there too long." The Roosevelt has been home to the Royal Canadians far longer than it has to many of the individuals directly associated with its operation; Lombardo has stayed on in the Grill through the reign of seven general managers, which may be why the waiters there now call him Boss. The Roosevelt has named a suite in his honor, which is usually reserved by honeymooners; Guy, Carmen, and Lebert all maintain anonymous accommodations in the hotel, for nights when they don't feel like making the trip back to Long Island after office hours. The brothers know their way around the establishment as well as if they owned it, which some of their fans probably think they do by now. Quite a few of the people who frequent the Grill started going there in the days of prohibition, and it is not uncommon to find three generations of a family represented at one table. Lombardo has an atrocious memory (after thirty years of happy marriage, he still sometimes misspells his wife's first name, which is Lilliebell), and he can only manfully pretend that he recognizes the many dancers who stop by his bandstand to say hello and ask him to play the same number—"I'm Tickled Pink with a Blue-Eyed Baby," "I Miss a Little Miss Who Misses Me in Sunny Tennessee," or whatever—that he played for them in the remote past. As the evening wears on, and sentimentality settles over his swaying worshippers in an ever-thickening cloud, he eliminates this difficulty by means of a dimmer on his bandstand, lowering the lights in the room to a point where it is all but impossible to recognize *anybody*. One evening, after Lombardo had plied his dimmer even more drastically than usual, Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, who happened to be present, were inspired to compose "Dancing in the Dark."

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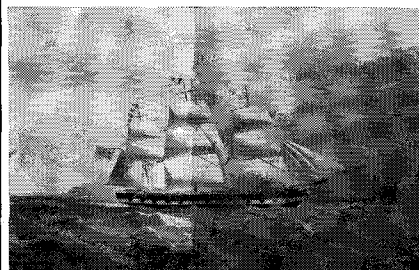
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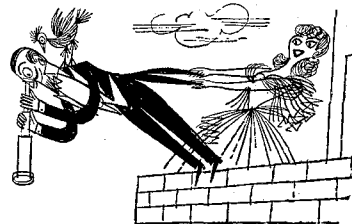
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Lombardo said in 1932, when he was thirty. That, naturally, was hyperbole. Today, almost a quarter of a century later, the Lombardo band is still a remarkably youthful-looking institution. Obviously, it cannot go on forever, although so far there has been no perceptible slackening of its venerable pace. Lombardo thinks he may ultimately turn the organization over to Victor. Not long ago, a song publisher, after speculating at some length on where the Royal Canadians will end up, concluded that it didn't really matter. "If that band ever calls it a day, another's going to come along that sounds exactly like it," he said. "There are always going to be a lot of people who want to hear the kind of music Lombardo plays." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the first of two articles on Guy Lombardo.)

When thinking, if you think at all, it's best to hold your nose. There is so much to think about. So many bad things, so many good things. And they are all to be thought about. For example, what about war? What about war? Have you fought in one? Will you fight in one? Or are you going to be a conscientious objector? What about peace? What about peace? Are you going to work for it? Are you going to enjoy it? Do you want peace?

In the days of old, when the men were bold, and the ladies wore camelias, it was not so much a question of war, or peace. It was a question, rather, of politics. Was it politic to war on a neighbor's land? Or was it politic to keep the peace with another neighbor, who was an ally? If you ask yourself these questions, and look at today, you come up with this: war is a matter of bargaining. If enough money can be made through peaceful means, we will make it. And then we will wage war, to make some more. Or, if enough money cannot be made through peaceful means, we will wage war. It all goes like that. And it is a question of ethics, really. What is war? What is peace? What is greed? What is mercy?

Oh, of all the wars in all the worlds, the war of the heart is the one last won and it is the war of the heart I am talking about. The war that is waged, incessantly, by a few. And lost by all.—*Eric Cashen in the Intro Bulletin, A Literary Newspaper of the Arts, New York.*

Oh, let's just *not* think! Shall we?

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OF WAR AND LECHERY

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" is the last of the four Shakespearean dramas offered by the Old Vic Company at the Winter Garden, and in spite of its inordinate length and eccentric structure (in effect, two practically unrelated plots run along side by side), I think it is much the most interesting. As a rule, rigging up old plays in modern dress strikes me as a mistake, since actors in nearly contemporary costume mimicking the speech and behavior of a time long out of mind are fairly destructive of any illusion, but in this case things work out very well. There are even certain advantages in setting the piece in 1914, since soldiers and civilians, Greeks

and Trojans, plebeians and aristocrats, who in previous productions were attired much the same, are now readily distinguishable, saving, I'm sure, a great deal of wear and tear on the imagination. "Troilus and Cressida," furthermore, lends itself admirably to treatment in the period the management has chosen—partly because the notion of war as a romantic opportunity for personal heroics perished forever just about then, and partly because pretty, promiscuous ladies, while, of course, eternal, are able to suggest their frailty far more successfully in the disastrous garb that Mother used to wear than in the pure-white nightgowns of antiquity. I suspect you'll have your troubles with the play,

which is moderately tangled even as the Elizabethan drama goes, and also contains more than the customary number of quite impenetrable speeches, but a little concentration ought to clear up most of your difficulties, and I know you will be appropriately rewarded for it.

For the benefit of those who have never read or seen "Troilus and Cressida," a group probably including ninety-five per cent of the population, the plot, or plots, with which it is concerned deals alternately with military exploits in the seventh year of the Trojan War and with a Trojan girl's helpless inability to say no to anybody, friend or foe. The first of these stories has to do principally with the selection of a champion to meet Hector in single combat. The logical choice is Achilles, but he is in one of his celebrated moods, and in the end the Greeks are obliged to settle for Ajax. This turns out to be something of an anticlimax, because, after a bit of aimless conversation, the boys just embrace one another and go home. In the end, however, a delicate

youth called Patroclus, who is rather closer to Achilles than a brother, is killed in one of the few real battles that mark the siege, and this so incenses his admirer that he hunts down Hector and, finding him unarmed, kills him anyway. As wars go, the whole thing is somewhat unsatisfactory, since neither side appears to have a very high opinion of Helen, who is the ostensible cause of it all, and for the most part everybody would rather talk than fight, but as a satire on war, the curiously irrelevant motives that lead men to wage it, and the generally unprofitable outcome for everybody concerned, the play is, I think, brilliantly effective.

The second story, which has only a very slight connection with the first, deals equally harshly with female virtue. Cressida, a beautiful girl with a formidable social position in Troy, is first presented



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Here are four of the most tormented people in the world as they appear in Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical play, at the Helen Hayes. Proceeding from left to right, they are Fredric March, as the miserly father; Jason Robards, Jr., and Bradford Dillman, as his two alcoholic sons; and Florence Eldridge, as his wife, who is a drug addict.

as being deeply in love with King Priam's son Troilus. Thanks to the efforts of her uncle, Pandarus, who has given an abbreviation of his name to the language, the young couple are able to spend a night together, in the course of which vows of eternal fidelity are exchanged. Cressida's countrymen, however, are in greater need of soldiers than of débutantes, and presently she is handed over to the Greeks in exchange for a prisoner named Antenor, who has quite a reputation in the field. Once among the Greeks, Cressida loses no time in revealing her true character. First, she cheerfully submits to being kissed by all the generals who happen to be hanging around, and then, after what seems to be a token struggle at best, she still further submits to one of them called Diomedes. We are not told what finally happens to her, but somehow I have a feeling that she makes out all right. Every now and then somebody complains emotionally about the terrible evils of "war and lechery," but the play—in this production, at least—appears to take a fairly sardonic view of them.

The performers, on the whole, survive their transposition to the twentieth century very successfully. Rosemary Harris, as Cressida, looks and behaves precisely like an early Scott Fitzgerald heroine; Jeremy Brett makes his Troilus a young man who seems equally incompetent at making love and at waging war; Paul Rogers, who still appeals to me as the most accomplished actor in the troupe, is suitably scheming and contemptible as Pandarus; John Neville, transformed into a war correspondent with a Kodak, brings a humor to the irascible Thersites that I didn't detect in the text; Ernest Hare, as Ajax, is the kind of public-school British officer who has never forgotten his triumphs in the Boer War; Helen, played by Coral Browne, wields a long cigarette holder and executes tinkling little tunes on a grand piano in a wonderfully dissolute manner; Keith Taylor's Priam is a skimpy and querulous caricature of a king; Patroclus, played by Derek New, is properly effeminate as Achilles' playmate; Margaret Courtenay, as Cassandra, demonstrates again that this young woman may easily be the most exasperating figure in all literature; and Hector, Paris, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, Agamemnon, Diomedes, and Achilles, portrayed, in that order, by Jack Gwillim, Ronald Allen, Richard Wordsworth, Job Stewart, Edward Harvey, Rupert Davies, Donald Homer, and Charles Gray, strongly suggest the warriors and prophets who

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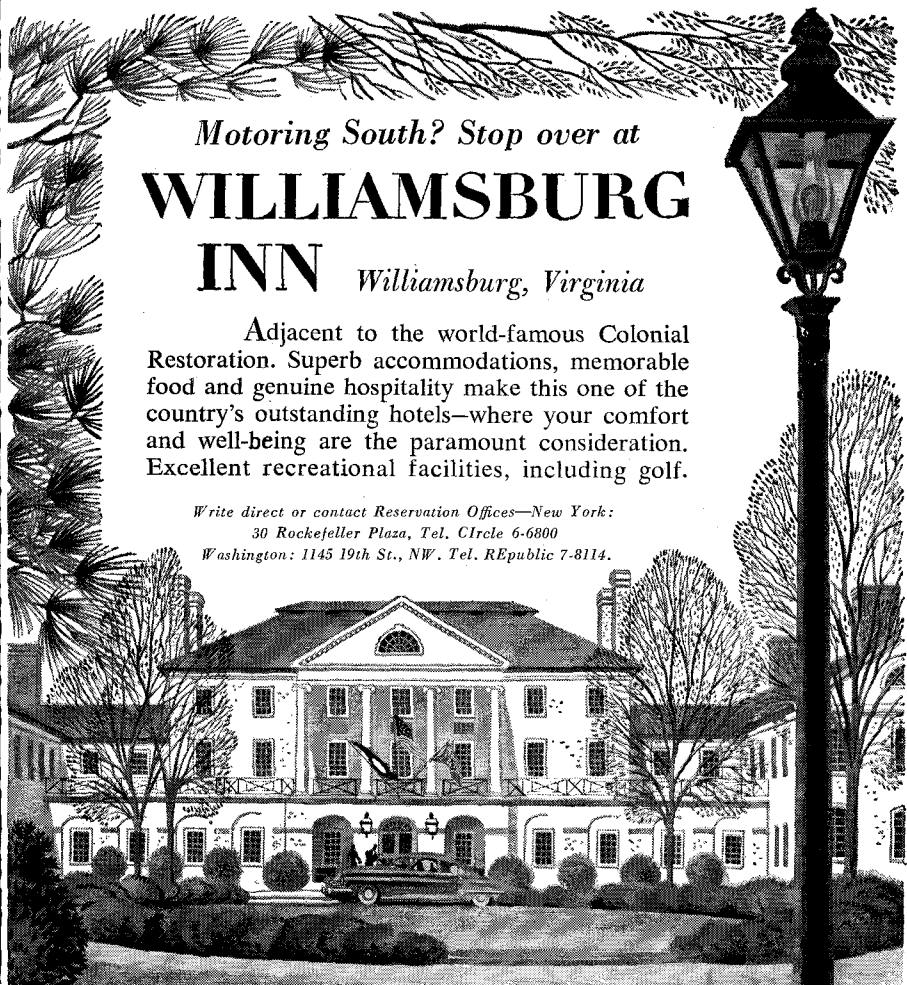
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operated so vehemently in the First World War. Tyrone Guthrie has directed them all with the greatest possible ingenuity, and Frederick Crooke has designed some settings and costumes that have extraordinary humor and style.

AS it happens, Menasha Skulnik doesn't entertain me very much—largely, I suppose, because his humor is the product of a background, a point of view, and an idiom that are strange, and therefore more or less incomprehensible, to me. Unlike Chaplin, whose tribulations and embarrassments seemed essentially a mad extension of my own and whose method of dealing with them reflected the grotesque helplessness I have always felt in the presence of any reasonably assured personality and practically any social problem whatever, Mr. Skulnik has no dilemmas connected with life as I know it, and his behavior, while often desperate, belongs, as far as I'm concerned, more to the Second Avenue theatre than to the real world that habitually surrounds me. I am ready, and even anxious, to concede that he is one of the most endearing performers who have ever walked out on any stage. The only trouble is that, being unfamiliar with the original, I miss most of the point of the caricature. Not only because I have been told so by a formidable array of experts but also because the perfection of the technique is unmistakable, I am aware that I am watching a great comic artist at work. The fact remains, however, that Mr. Skulnik doesn't make me laugh. Men have been drummed out of regiments for lesser blasphemies.

This apparently unique failure to appreciate its star makes my task of writing about "Uncle Willie," the comedy by Julie Berns and Irving Elman that recently opened at the John Golden, as thankless as any I have undertaken this season. Almost without exception, my colleagues were able to report that while the play struck them as still more feeble and foolish and generally exasperating than "Abie's Irish Rose," they were easily able to overlook its shortcomings because of the irresistible merriment aroused in them by the actor who dominates it. I would like to be honestly capable of even this halfway courtesy, but unfortunately I'm not, the truth being that Mr. Skulnik did almost nothing to alleviate the depression caused in me by a succession of dialect jokes and primitive sentimentalities that would be barely endurable to the ladies who watch television while simultaneously constructing a peanut-

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butter sandwich for the children's lunch.

"Uncle Willie," to pass along to the tomb in which Mr. Skulnik is imprisoned, takes place in the Bronx in the early years of this century, when that borough was inhabited principally by goats. Its hero is a middle-aged Jewish peddler who sells everything from engagement rings to cemetery plots but is driven mainly by a passion for rearranging people's lives. Among other things, this urge leads him to bring about three marriages, including one between a lady with four children and a gentleman with six; to rent an apartment to one family that has already been rented to another; and to promote Catholic-Jewish amity by pointing out the similarity between George Washington and the King of the Maccabees—a matter I have no intention of clearing up. The humor is singularly desolate. On one occasion, when somebody complains that the roof leaks, Mr. Skulnik replies, "Only when it rains," and on another he explains that a deaf musician does very well because he plays by ear, and these are by no means the authors' wanner inspirations. The sentiment probably reaches its peak when a Christmas tree and some Hanukkah candles appear in adjacent windows of a two-family house. I'm sure you've had enough.

In addition to Mr. Skulnik, the cast includes Nita Talbot, Edith Fellows, John Connell, Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Martin Rudy, representing, neatly enough, three Jews and three Catholics. Their performances are rather broad, but it is hard to see how they could have been anything else. Ralph Alswang has designed a curiously stylized, or cockeyed, set, which goes rather oddly with a completely literal play that has no style at all.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

THE MOON

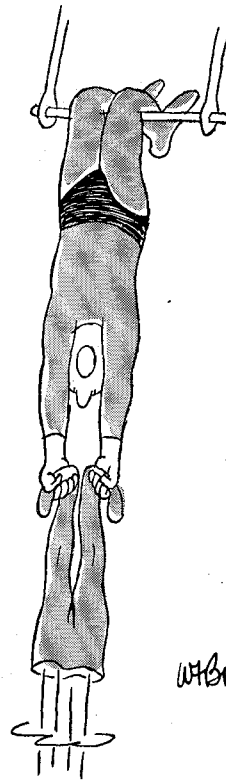
It is a swimming drop of sun,
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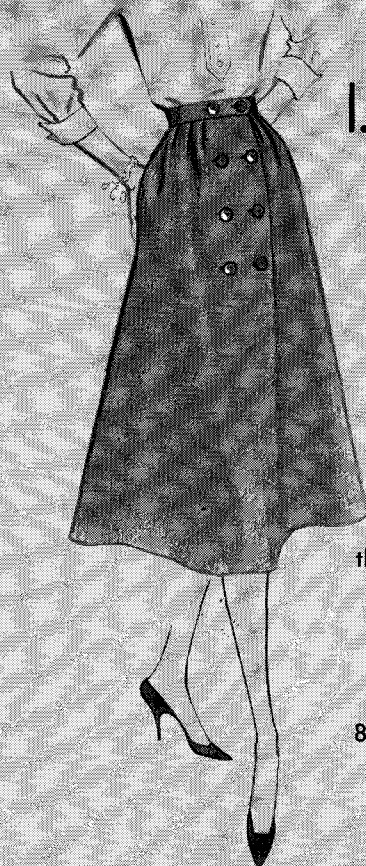
—LUKE ZILLES

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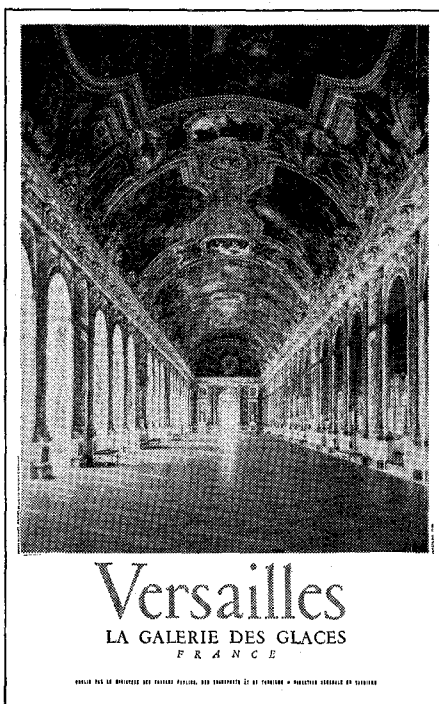
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THE WATERMELONS

DURING the drought summer of 1936, I was engaged, as a graduate student, in my first independent ethnographic research. I was working with a Plains Indian tribe in western Oklahoma, and luck—and the fact that I was myself female—brought me as an interpreter a young woman of the tribe who had a college degree in sociology. Her name was Elizabeth Camp, and she and I became, and remain, devoted friends.

The year 1936 was in many ways the worst that ever hit the Southern plains. Creeks had gone dry two years earlier, and rivers had begun to dry up the year before. In that third summer, water had almost ceased to exist. I have forgotten how many months it was since rain had fallen. The thermometer climbed steadily. All the blue had been scorched from the sky; it had the drab colorlessness of a piece of faded and soiled blue denim, and seemed to us to be stretched on an iron framework and to press down on our heads hour after hour and day after day. There was never a cloud in sight; no horizon divided the bleached sky from the baked earth. Color was gone from our world except for the crimson of a few barren cliffs that pitched down from the level of the plain to the bed where the Washita River had once flowed. No river was there now; this was August, and even the muddy pools that earlier marked its bed had been blotted up since early May. Cottonwood and hackberry trees beside the river bed and the beds of its tributary creeks were powdered with dust.

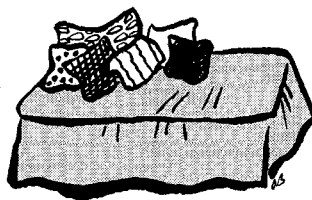
People—white people—who could moved out of that part of the country. Some—the better-off—had old cars or trucks, and could transport their families to California. Others drifted to the fringes of nearby cities, where shack towns and slums were growing up. Still others, who had seen forewarning in a meteor shower the previous winter, had simply walked away sometime, leaving the doors of their houses open behind them.

But the Indians could not leave. Their only place on earth was this land that no one else wanted just then. They were landowners who could neither sell nor lease their property without the consent of "Wusinton"—and Washington, two thousand miles to the northeast, had other problems to cope with.

When it became evident that farming would be impossible that year and for a number of years to come, "Wusinton" provided the Indians with cattle. Why it should have been supposed that grass for the beasts to graze on would grow where wheat, cotton, and truck crops would not is a mystery. Still, the cattle—scrubs that no slaughterhouse would have bothered with—were issued to the Indians, and the Indians were warned not to eat them but to use them for breeding.

My home was a hundred miles away, in the central part of the state. The city was dry enough, in all conscience, and people were enjoined not to water their lawns or wash their cars. But there were trees there, and the leafy greenness gave some illusion of coolness, as did the remnants of lawns. Also, one could take a bath, provided one did not fill the tub too full, or could wash one's hair.

In the early part of the summer, though I was living with the tribe, I made occasional trips back to my home, or to the university town twenty miles away from it. Then, as the heat and the brazen light clamped down, I had less and less inclination to leave Elizabeth and her people. It was not only the fascination of the work I was doing, or the dread of driving a long distance in the heat, that made me feel this way. It was a feeling that I was—temporarily, at least—a part of their world, that I ought to be there and be withered, as they were, by the blasts that scorched it.



SO, for most of that summer, I lived with Elizabeth and her family in her father's farmhouse. There were no crops, of course—

nothing to show that the place was a farm rather than a stretch of parched prairie, except the windmill and water tank that stood fifty feet from the kitchen door, and the dry trees fringing the pasture creek bed. Day and night, the windmill creaked and shuddered, for wind was one commodity that never failed us.

Probably the well on the farm had originally been located by dumb luck or by dowsing, as most wells in that section of the country were. However, the drillers had struck a good flow of underground water, probably the equivalent of a river, and for many months in 1936 the Camp family had water when other people did not. Elizabeth's stepmother

planted some vegetables near the windmill, and the last dribble that came from the faucet after a bucket or barrel had been filled ran onto her cabbages, onions, and beets.

As the summer progressed, and other wells in the vicinity went dry, people began to come to Mr. Camp for water. At first, they came with fifty-gallon oil drums to be filled. Then, as the situation grew worse, Mr. Camp restricted them to a five-gallon milk can of water at a time. And, finally, it was a gallon apiece, poured into an open two-gallon bucket, so that the amount could be checked.

Presently, there was no water for any cattle except the family milk cow. Mr. Camp allowed the horses that drew the visitors' wagons to drink from the tank beside the windmill (for if the horses died of thirst, how could the people come to get their water?), but no other beasts could share it. So the bawling of the cattle made the hours hideous until, one by one, they died. Fields and roadsides were dotted with their desiccated, crow-bait carcasses, which were not even worth skinning. It was so dry they did not even smell; they just burned and stiffened and stopped looking like anything that had ever been alive.

The family and I washed our hands before meals, and our faces morning and evening. Once a week, Mrs. Camp made a heroic stand against the people driving up for their share of water. She would allow no one to draw any that day until she had taken enough to rinse out a few clothes and her dishcloths. She did not wash with soap, for that would have meant twice as much water, but she insisted on squeezing water at least once through a minimum family laundry. I sent my own laundry home, and my mother mailed it back to me. Elizabeth and I decided that a good, hard brushing was as healthy for your hair as a shampoo, any day.

Still, the little kitchen garden got its few drops each time the faucet was opened, and the plants survived and grew. In other years, they would have been rooted up as worthless; now they were a miracle, and precious. I found myself saving the last half inch of water in my drinking glass, at meals, to distribute among them secretly. One day, I caught Elizabeth doing the same thing. We grinned at each other. Another time, we might have laughed aloud; now laughing took a lot of energy.

ELIZABETH and I slept on cots in the same room. One night, a burst of sharp cracks on the roof of the house,

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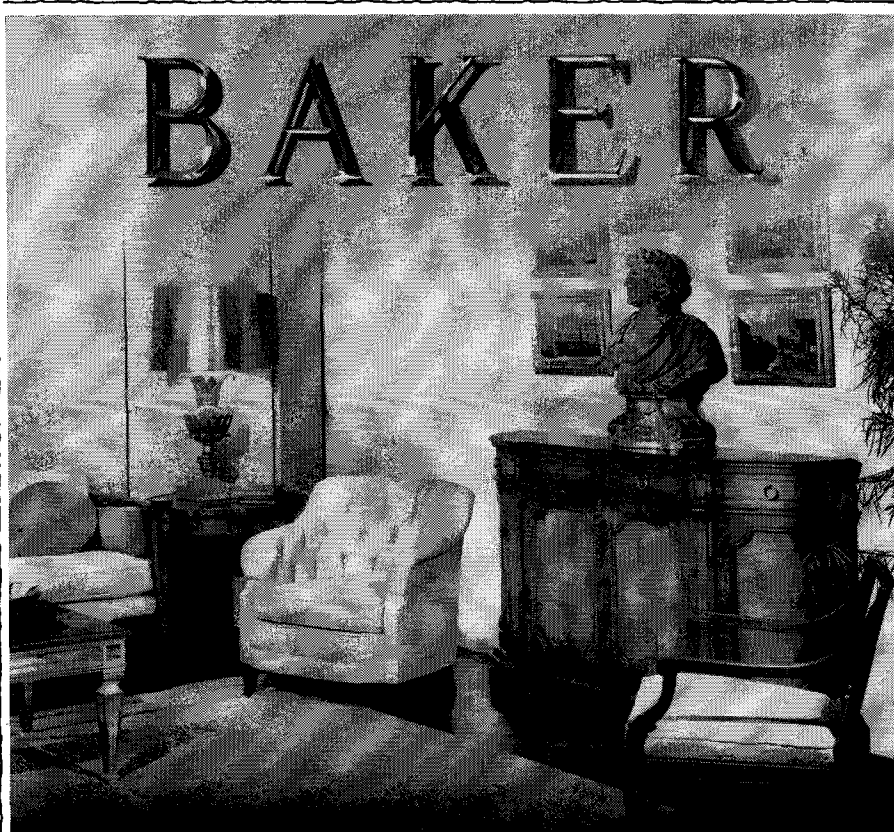
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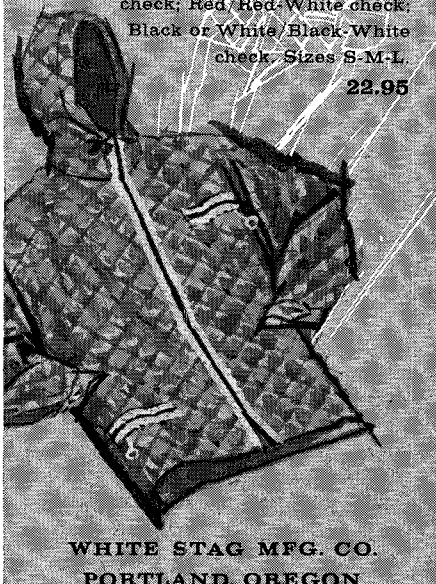
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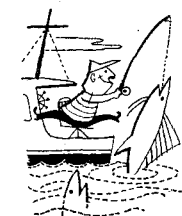
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sounding almost like bullets, brought both of us upright in bed. "It's hail!" I cried.

"It can't be hail," Elizabeth said. "It isn't cold enough."

"Rain, then," I insisted. "Listen to it."

We both listened intently, agreeing that it must be rain. We thought the sound was wonderful.

"This will fix everything," Elizabeth said. Then she sighed, and added, "I wish Father had gone ahead and planted some watermelons. If they had got this much rain, they'd still grow."

"Wouldn't watermelon be wonderful?" I said. I stretched out on my back in the hot dark, and I could see, floating before my eyes, the pink heart of a slice of melon, with its jet buttons of seed and its rim of mother-of-pearl and jade.

"I wouldn't even want salt on mine," Elizabeth murmured, and I knew she saw what I did.

"Salt!" I sat up again with a creak of the bedsprings. "Why, just plain watermelon—"

The wail of my springs was echoed from the adjoining room. I thought that Mrs. Camp, awakened by our talking, was sitting up in her own bed to listen to the rain. But the thump of feet that I next heard was much too heavy and positive to have come from her. "Your father's up," I whispered to Elizabeth.

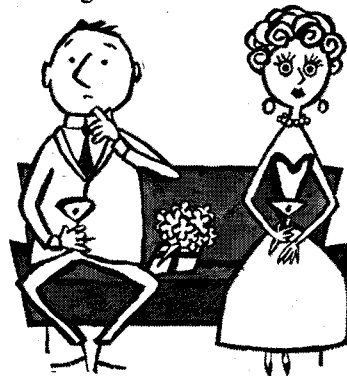
"Something's wrong," she whispered back, and I heard the rustling of her sheet as she, too, sat up.

I listened again. The windmill was creaking and straining; that was all right. A wagon harness rattled outside in the dark somewhere—a horse was shaking its head. That was all right, too. Someone had come for water now, at midnight, rather than during the heat of the day. And still the steady drumming beat out its promise of well-being on the roof. Or did it? There was something wrong—something was lacking. Suddenly I realized what it was. I could not smell the rain.

"Come on," said Elizabeth. I heard her scrambling in the dark for her housecoat and slippers, and I did the same. Together, we went out and groped through the living room, the dining room, and the kitchen, and onto the back porch, which overlooked the windmill. It was not rain we had heard. The stars were pouring white light down on us. But the thumping went on. I stepped to the edge of the porch, and my foot slid on something. I clutched the rail to steady myself.

"Look out!" I said to Elizabeth, over

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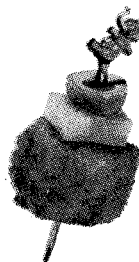


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my shoulder, but it was too late. She caromed into me, and we barely saved ourselves from sliding down the steps. I could see in the starlight that there was a kind of moving, furry covering on them. Below us, beside the windmill, we saw Mr. Camp, and we heard him speaking to someone. "This does it," he said. "This is the end."

"Better get out," the man he was speaking to said. "We're going. There's a lot of people camping over on Antelope Creek. The springs there have never gone dry. Better come and camp with the rest of us."

"This well's never gone dry, either," Mr. Camp said. "I'm not going to leave my place while there's water on it."

"You won't have water long," the man said. "Might as well pull out now. Your garden's gone."

"I'm not going to leave the place while I still have water—grasshoppers or no grasshoppers," Mr. Camp replied.

"Grasshoppers!" I exclaimed to Elizabeth.

"Grasshoppers!" she cried antiphonally.

Now we knew what the thumping on the roof was. At the very moment when we thought the worst was over, a new blight had fallen upon us.

"Yes, grasshoppers," Mr. Camp said flatly, looking up at us. "Now I know how the children of Israel felt. You girls go on back to bed. There's nothing to see out here in the dark tonight."

Obediently, we fumbled our way back to our room and our beds.

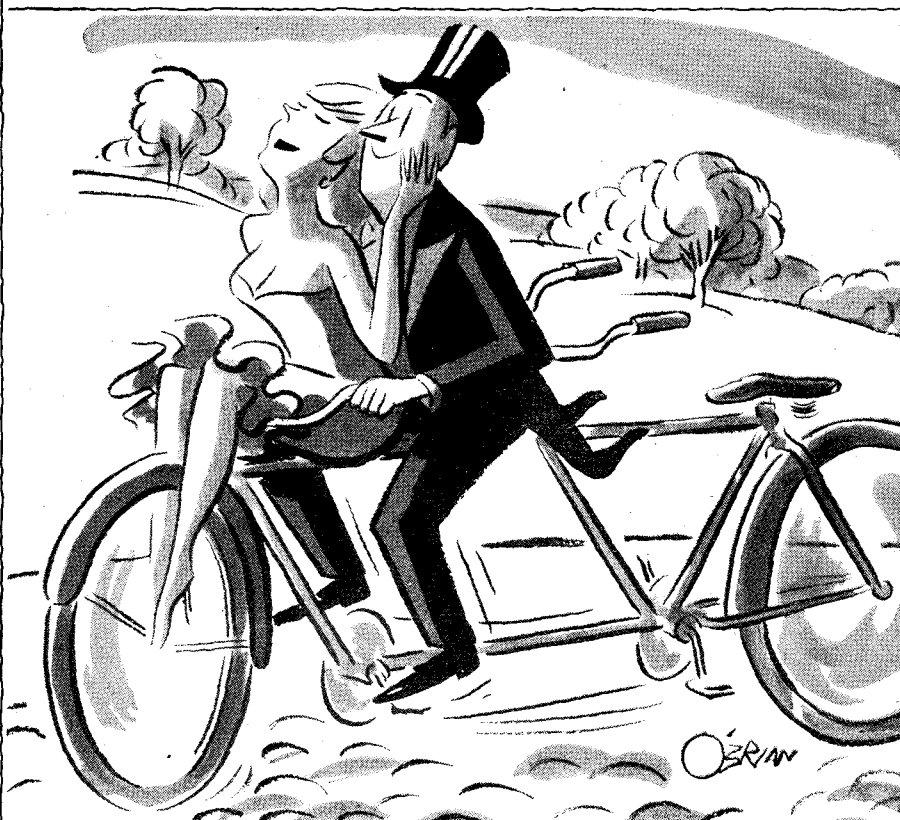
THERE was nothing to see in the morning, either, unless the completeness of the desolation could have been considered a sight. Not a sprig of green was left anywhere. The kitchen garden had vanished. Every leaf was gone from the cottonwood and hackberry trees. And the grasshoppers were still coming. They kept coming all that day.

After a day or so, I noticed that even though the grasshoppers had gone, there were fewer people coming for water. More and more were moving to the camp by the springs along Antelope Creek. The grasshopper blight had been the last blow they could endure. Now not even the hope that they could still raise a garden existed to keep them at home.

After another week, the well failed us. In that time, a number of wagons had come and gone, their drivers letting children and horses drink a last time before beginning the long twenty-mile

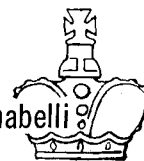


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haul across the blazing prairies to Antelope Creek. Once or twice, it had seemed to me, the water trickled reluctantly from the faucet; I thought I saw a hesitation, almost a pause, in the flow. Each time, I told myself not to be an alarmist, not to borrow trouble. Yet I was not surprised when the water simply ceased to run.

"Better get ready to move" was all Mr. Camp said then, and with one accord the family began to get ready.

We started off—a sad little procession, like many other sad little processions that had crossed the prairies that summer. Elizabeth and her stepmother and I travelled in the car the university had assigned me for my field work. We carried the small items of camp equipment, cooking utensils, and food. Elizabeth's half brother drove the old Ford farm truck, its gears shuddering and complaining whenever he shifted them, as he had to do often on the dry dust and sand. The truck was loaded with the cookstove, the tent, cots, my folding armchair, my typewriter, and other bulky items. Last of all came Mr. Camp, in the wagon, with the family milk cow hitched behind, bawling her objections. The overflow—everything that everybody had forgotten in loading the other vehicles—was piled in the wagon.

We reached the camp at sunset. It was strung out—endlessly, it seemed—along the creek, in a long grove of trees whose leaves rattled dryly in the wind. Some people had set up tents, as we did; others had cut branches from the trees and built themselves brush shelters of the kind their forebears had made for temporary camps. There were even a few tepees. But most of the people simply camped out in the open, each family's possessions set in a circle around it to define the limits of its living area, and with nothing but the trees to give shelter from the sun during the day.

We were about six miles from a town where we could buy food. Most people in the camp were existing on the savings of more prosperous years. Some walked in to town when they needed supplies; others went in wagons. The Camps and I used the university car, for the ungreased gears of the truck had finally refused to work.

From an ethnographer's point of view, the camp was paradise. Here I saw, in actual operation for perhaps the last time, the camping customs of a camping people. The bands—the various social and political units of tribal life, which had almost ceased to exist—drew together once more, and people lived as

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their ancestors had, with the members of their own groups. Tribal hunting societies revived, and served, just as they had formerly served, as camp police. People of all ages were gathered there, including many very old men and women, whose knowledge of the buffalo-hunting days was encyclopedic, and whom I could not otherwise have met and questioned so readily. The days were not long enough for me to record everything I saw and heard, or to see all that was going on around me.

The camp police controlled the distribution of water. Each family was allowed one bucketful morning and evening, and twice a day Elizabeth and I were usually in the line of those who waited, moving nearer the spring a step at a time, to draw their share. There was no refrigeration, and we lived on beans and bacon, fried bread and coffee—things that would not spoil in the heat and could be cooked in the open. True, Mrs. Camp cooked our meals on the transported kitchen stove, not over a campfire, but ours were standard camp menus.

ONE morning, as Elizabeth and I drove back into camp with the day's groceries, we beheld a vision. A truck was parked at the edge of the camp, with people thronging around it. And the truck was loaded—heaped, piled high—with jade-green watermelons. Some, at the bottom of the load, had split open with the weight of the fruit above them, and pink juice dripped down between the planks of the truck floor. Thirsty children caught it in their sticky hands, and what they missed made puddles of pink mud in the dust.

"Do you see what I see?" Elizabeth cried.

We jumped out of the car and ran across the scorched tufts of dead grass, dust puffing up around our feet, to join the crowd. "How much?" I called, and "Where are they from?" Elizabeth shouted at the same moment.

"Denton, Texas," the driver answered, and "A cent a pound, lady."

The watermelon we staggered away with a few minutes later cost me fifty cents, and it took both of us to carry it. "Let's eat it right now," I suggested shamelessly, "and then get some more to take back to the family."

"All right," Elizabeth agreed.

We had no knife with us, no hatchet—nothing with which to open the melon. We simply dropped it on the ground, and let it explode of its own weight. Then we squatted beside it, scooping out handfuls and stuffing them

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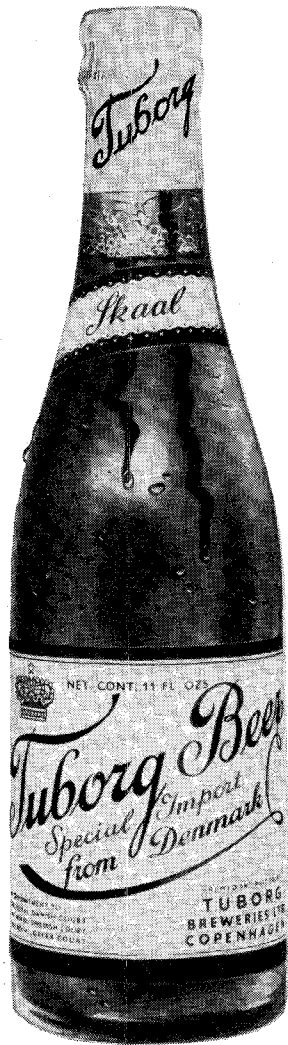


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happily into our mouths. The children came from beneath the truck and gathered around us, and we scooped out great wet fistfuls for them, too. And when we and they had eaten all of that melon, right down to the pearly white next to the shell, we bought two more, even larger, and lugged them over to the car and took them back to the family.

THIS is where Elizabeth and I usually end our story of the drought and the melons when we tell it, but the real ending, for me, came two weeks later, when I returned to the university to enroll for the fall semester. I went there straight from camp, without going home first. I parked the car and walked directly into the office of my department, with only a brief pause at the drinking fountain in the hall on my way.

My professor—the one under whom I was doing my major work—sat at his desk, absorbed in a new university bulletin. When he heard me come up in front of the desk, he raised his head and looked at me. “Yes?” he said politely. “Can I do anything for you?”

I grinned at him. “You might ask me how I got along with my field project,” I answered.

“How *what*!” The professor’s face was a blank for a moment. Then he

looked startled. “Why, I didn’t recognize you,” he said.

“Oh, I’m not that tanned!” I said. “It’s mostly just freckles.”

The professor rose and opened the door of his coat closet, on the back of which hung a large mirror. He took my arm and led me close to the glass. “Look at yourself,” he said.

There had been no mirrors in the camp, and I had lost the one that had been in my purse. Now I looked at myself for the first time in weeks. Hair like excelsior, curled and brittle, framed my face. The freckles had merged into one huge freckle, which was blotched high on my forehead, where my hat had covered it—when I remembered to wear a hat. My eyes squinted; they were mere slits, rayed with sharply gashed wrinkles. My whole face and neck were bone thin, and the taut skin on them was weathered like the hides that covered the skeletons of the cattle in the fields from which I had come. My face seemed to have no age; it was simply a mask baked into the original contours of a face. It was recognizably human, but, for the time being, even to my own eyes, that was the only recognizable thing about it. I could feel moisture coming into my eyes as I stared at myself, but I was still too dry really to cry.

—ALICE MARRIOTT

ON THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND CORRUPTED BY COFFEE

I sat upon the floor with bearded men
And horsetailed women, pallid and austere;
It seemed to me that I was young again,
Sitting on floors, as in a former year.
But we were less urbane, more bitter then,
And drank more deep—and what we drank was beer.

This generation is more wise than ours,
More softly mannered and more smooth of tongue,
Less ready to revolt against the powers,
Less loose of language and less hard of lung.
But—since we could not pay for whiskey sours—
Beer was the drink we drank when I was young.

I love this generation more than mine;
I deem it sounder, steadier, more sane,
Less stiff of neck, though no less tough of spine,
With fewer kinks in its collective brain;
Yet though it drinks (as we did) little wine,
It drinks no beer. For coffee is its bane.

Perspiring caffeine from its blameless pores,
It swigs the deadly drug of the bazaars.
Its latchkey leaves no scratches on the doors;
Its soul is free from alcoholic scars. . . .
O God! That coffee should have crossed these shores!
O Hell! O Spite! O Death! O Coffee Bars!

—R. P. LISTER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hitchcock, Documentary Style



THE lethal imagination that Alfred Hitchcock once brought to bear on his movies was a wonderful thing to encounter. When we recall such Hitchcock efforts as "The 39 Steps," "Lifeboat," and "The Lady Vanishes," we can only be stunned by his ability to combine suspense and comedy. But of late, alas, the Master has displayed a tendency to adapt himself to the notions of the Warner Brothers, television buffs, and the like. Now, as it happens, he is responsible for the direction of a film called "The Wrong Man," a coldly factual account of the troubles of a Stork Club musician who has been wrongly accused of being a holdup man. An incident of this kind actually took place only a few years ago, and the picture makes much of that circumstance. I'm afraid, however, that in this case simple realism is not enough. Still, "The Wrong Man" does have the virtue of pointing up the public servant's contumely and the law's incredible delay.

As represented by Henry Fonda, the hero of this enterprise is a sober, dull, honest resident of Queens, the father of two children—both objectionable young males—and the spouse of a lady who, it develops, is not altogether well in the head. The dreary course of his life is interrupted by a sudden onslaught of cops who are convinced that he is a dangerous gunman. If the movie is to be believed, there isn't a detective on the force who has the ability to figure out a problem in behavior that an elementary student of Conan Doyle might solve at a glance, and it also suggests that jumping at conclusions is the favorite sport of our local gumshoes. Mr. Hitchcock makes a good point about the obtuseness of a police group that holds firm to the belief that everybody is guilty until proved innocent, but his story of the badgered musician is never very gripping. As our man goes through arrests, trials, and so on, he seems entirely too simple-minded even to play an instrument in a Stork Club band, and when his wife takes leave of her senses, it is a tossup whether it's because of his predicament or because of a plausible hope that she can somehow get away from Daddy and

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the children. The wife is played by Vera Miles, who is pretty, and among the others in the cast are Anthony Quayle, Harold J. Stone, and Charles Cooper.

"PANTALOONS," a French film, wastes the enormous talents of Fernandel on a painful variant of the Don Juan legend. It seems that Fernandel, a servant of the big-league lover, has to masquerade as his employer while the latter is in jail, and all the girls adore him. He handles his females with great agility and with a beguiling prognathous smile, and yet he isn't very amusing. Let's lay it to the script.

"THE KING AND FOUR QUEENS" is all about how Clark Gable chases four widows in the West. He seems to have lost a lot of his early foot.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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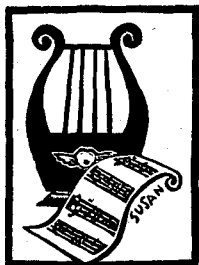
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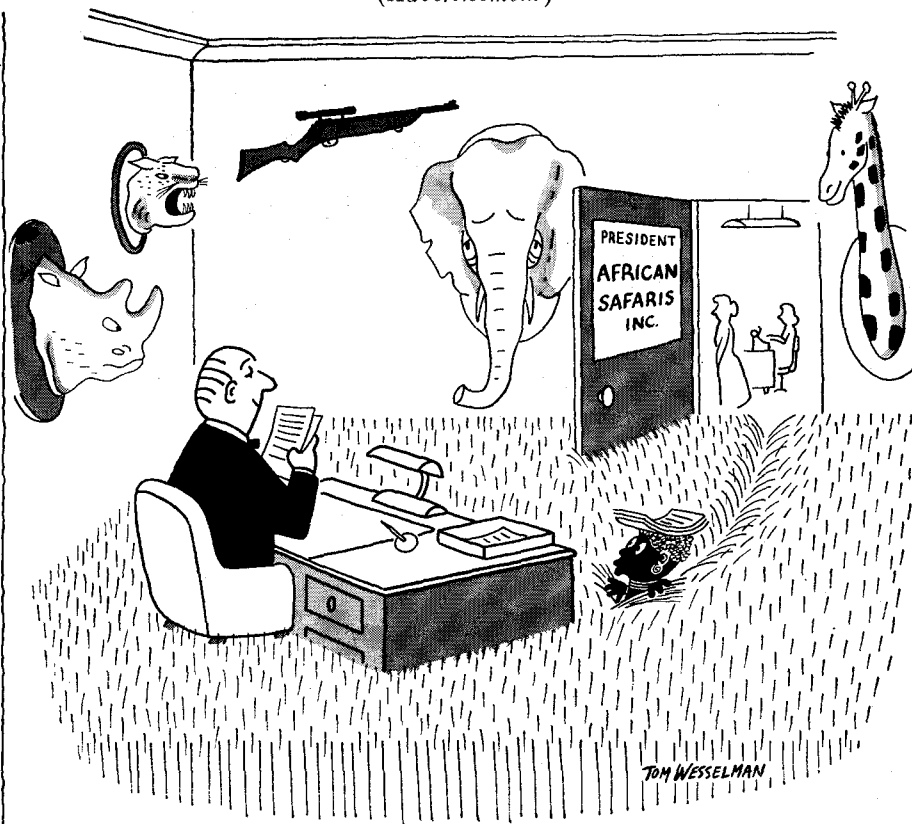
MUSICAL EVENTS

Light



NEARLY every intelligent concertgoer knows that all music worthy of the name conveys a meaning lying behind the mere sound of the notes that go to make it up. But just what that meaning is is extraordinarily difficult to describe. Nobody is more keenly aware of this problem than that poor devil the music critic. He writes that a composition is "expressive," but he is baffled when he tries to explain what it is expressive of; he refers vaguely to its "emotional content," but he is unable to state precisely what this content is. The situation has long attracted the attention of aestheticians and psychologists, who have conspicuously failed to come to grips with it, and also that of composers, who, contrary to the prevalent belief, do not necessarily understand their art any better than other musicians do, and have from time to time written some pretty silly things on the subject. Thinkers with a mechanistic approach have occasionally claimed that music does not express anything at all, that it is merely a matter of aural sensations and mathematical relationships—a patent absurdity. Other thinkers have sought for solutions to this murky enigma by drawing analogies with the aesthetic principles of other arts—notably, painting—but these analogies have never proved very fruitful, and have usually demonstrated to the careful reader that music and the other arts do not really have much in common. Clearly, music "says" something, but up to now, as far as I am aware, just what it says has been the subject of romantic reverie, imprecise rhetoric, unsound theorizing, or utter frustration.

I say "up to now" because there has recently arrived on my desk a book that assaults the problem with comprehensiveness and clarity. The book is "Emotion and Meaning in Music," by Leonard B. Meyer (University of Chicago Press), and after reading it I am convinced that it is by far the most important work on musical aesthetics that I have ever encountered. Mr. Meyer, an associate professor of music at the University of Chicago, is obliged to use the languages of the philosopher, the psy-



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chologist, and the musical theorist, and his book will make rather hard going for the casual reader, but those who are intrepid enough to follow its complicated trains of thought will find in it the answers to practically all the mysteries that have made musical meaning such a dim and complex business.

Mr. Meyer distinguishes at the outset between what he calls "absolute" and "referential" meanings, the former term designating those meanings that, as he puts it, lie exclusively within the context of a given work, and the latter designating those—love, anger, and the like—that convey concepts familiar in non-musical, as well as musical, thought. Most of his book is concerned with the analysis of absolute meaning, and he traces the various devices that composers have used for conveying it, not only in the music of Western civilization but in jazz, primitive music, and the music of the Orient, thus pointing up the universality of this element of musical communication. In explaining absolute meaning, he calls attention to a number of psychological phenomena that express themselves in terms of opposites—doubt vs. certainty, insecurity vs. security, expectation vs. satisfaction, incompleteness vs. completion, chance vs. the organizing power of the mind—and that relate to the narrative or kinetic nature of the musical art. The composer, according to Mr. Meyer, uses various formulas to induce these psychological states—inhibiting expected tendencies and thereby producing anxiety in the listener, assuaging this anxiety by trotting out the expected solution, and so forth. From what Mr. Meyer has written, it is evident that music, like the other narrative arts, relies largely on the factors of suspense and catharsis, and that its methods of embodying these factors are almost limitless in their complexity and diversity. It is also evident that though the psychological states referred to by these terms are simple in the abstract, they actually include a rich range of feeling, and that music is thus enabled to portray, in sublimated form, some of the most powerful and subtle emotional experiences of life. The process necessarily entails a tradition—a frame of reference in which deviations from certain norms may be distinguished from the norms themselves—and this tradition is learned in much the same way a language is learned. Without such an accepted tradition, common musical experience—and, consequently, musical communication of any kind—would prove impossible.

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In his final chapter, Mr. Meyer gets around to the more slippery subject of referential meaning—more slippery because referential meaning is to a great extent a matter of association, and different listeners may get different associations from a given musical phenomenon. Nevertheless, referential meanings do exist, and there is enough common ground in the associative habits of people with a common musical culture to make them understandable. Mr. Meyer is comprehensibly and commendably cautious in approaching this area of musical meaning—an area that might be said to constitute the illustrative or metaphorical aspect of the art—but he leaves no doubt that many ideas ordinarily expressed in literature can also be expressed in music, though he is scrupulous about defining the limits of music in this matter. On the subject of death, to take one instance, he notes, "Music does not, for example, present the concept or image of death itself. Rather it connotes that rich realm of experience in which death and darkness, night and cold, winter and sleep and silence are all combined and consolidated into a single connotative complex."

The vast importance of Mr. Meyer's book, to my mind, is that it explains for the first time, and in a thoroughgoing and precise way, just how music is related to human experience. To the critic it offers tools of increased variety and sharpness, to the composer a badly needed clear statement of his purposes, and to the listener an explanation of why music affects him as it does. It will, I think, do a great deal toward silencing the sophomoric prattle of the formalists—including the atonalists—who for a long time have been mistaking the calligraphy of music for its substance. Mr. Meyer, using, among other things, the resources of modern psychology, has succeeded where many a famous predecessor has failed, and as a result the realm of thinking about music will, I feel, never be quite the same again.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

HARTFORD, CONN. (UP)—The president of the National Educational association, J. Lester Buford, told a teachers' meeting: "Change that hair-do once in a while; I want our teachers to look pretty. I wish I could." Buford is bald. matter little; any old coyote ear will do."—*Kansas City (Mo.) Times.*

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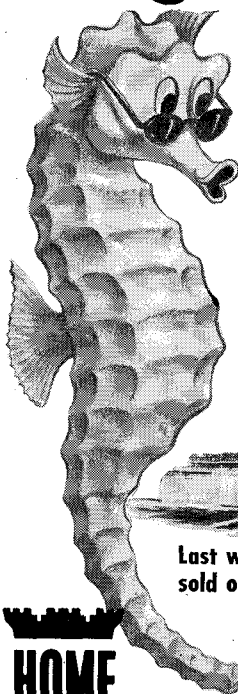
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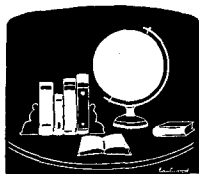
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BOOKS

Long and Short

REBECCA WEST has written a long novel called "The Fountain Overflows" (Viking). The title is to be taken seriously in more ways than one, for Miss West has indicated that this stout volume is merely the first of a series that will concern the fortunes of her protagonists, the talented, down-at-heel, and indomitable Aubrey family. The novel in several volumes is to contemporary fiction what the attic is to contemporary domestic architecture, and for much the same reason. We are told they are luxuries we can no longer afford, time and space being about equally at a premium these days, yet how pleasant they are to while away our leisure in, and how sorry we shall be when the last capacious novel and sunny-dusky attic are gone! Miss West cares not a fig whether she can be afforded. She is composing her big work in a radically old-fashioned way and she knows it. She knows, too, that her way is as old-fashioned in its point of view as it is in its rummaging amplitude. The stream of life, and not the stream of consciousness, is what commands her interest and dictates her method; she looks out and over, instead of in and down, and boldly invents actions that a more "modern" novelist would give the impression of simply chancing on and then teasing into the light. The formal nature of the conversation with which her novel opens and the cheerful fragrance of its utility in launching the plot inform us that, for the author's purpose, Joyce, Proust, and all the other boys in the back room have written in vain. "Oh, my dear Piers, I know the work is not worthy of you," said Mamma warmly. 'Yet what a godsend it is, how lucky it is that Mr. Morpurgo should happen to own such a paper, and how good it is of him to want to help you. . . .' Plainly, the author intends to be as highhanded as she pleases; readers unwilling to believe in Mr. Morpurgo at the first mention of his name are as good as warned to look elsewhere for their entertainment.

Miss West notes on the dust jacket that "The Fountain Overflows" began as a short story, and it is characteristic of her talent that a projected four or five thousand words promises to end up as half a million. For Miss West has always written abundantly and (a far

rarer thing) out of abundance. Even in the brilliant journalism to which she has devoted much of her life during the past twenty years, the least scrap of a clue—the shape of a man's cheekbone, the temperature of a particular day in a particular town—has led Miss West to generalize at welcome length, constructing on a comparatively narrow footing of fact the broadest and most daring hypotheses. In "The Fountain Overflows," she has been wise to keep her generalizing at a minimum. Though she has a number of comments to make on music, middle-class manners, and the like, they are of a piece with the actions that give rise to them; it does not occur to the reader that they exist as the irrepressible speculations of a prodigiously retentive mind. Miss West achieves this necessary victory by casting her novel in the form of a reminiscence. The narrator, Rose Aubrey, is looking back over fifty-odd years to her childhood in a London suburb. What were she and her sisters and

brother and parents and friends and teachers and servants like? How had they spoken and dressed? What had they eaten? What had they thought? What does Rose think now of what they had been thinking then? In the mind of a woman seeking to recapture her past, these are legitimate questions, and Miss West feels entitled to raise them in quantity and to answer them unhurriedly. Let the stream of life carry, slowly turning to catch the reader's eye, whatever the author takes pleasure in putting there; a touch of wit will bring the whole scene to life:

Then we went down to tea in the dining room. It was a very good tea, with cherry cake that had cherries all the way through, and not just at the bottom. It was a pity that Mrs. Furness could not come down, we had liked her so much. There was a big clock on the chimney-piece, with a beautiful tick, almost like a purr, but this room was not as nice as the others, for it was hung with large photographs, framed in reddish oak, of stones bearing inscriptions in ancient languages, with notices in black letters under-



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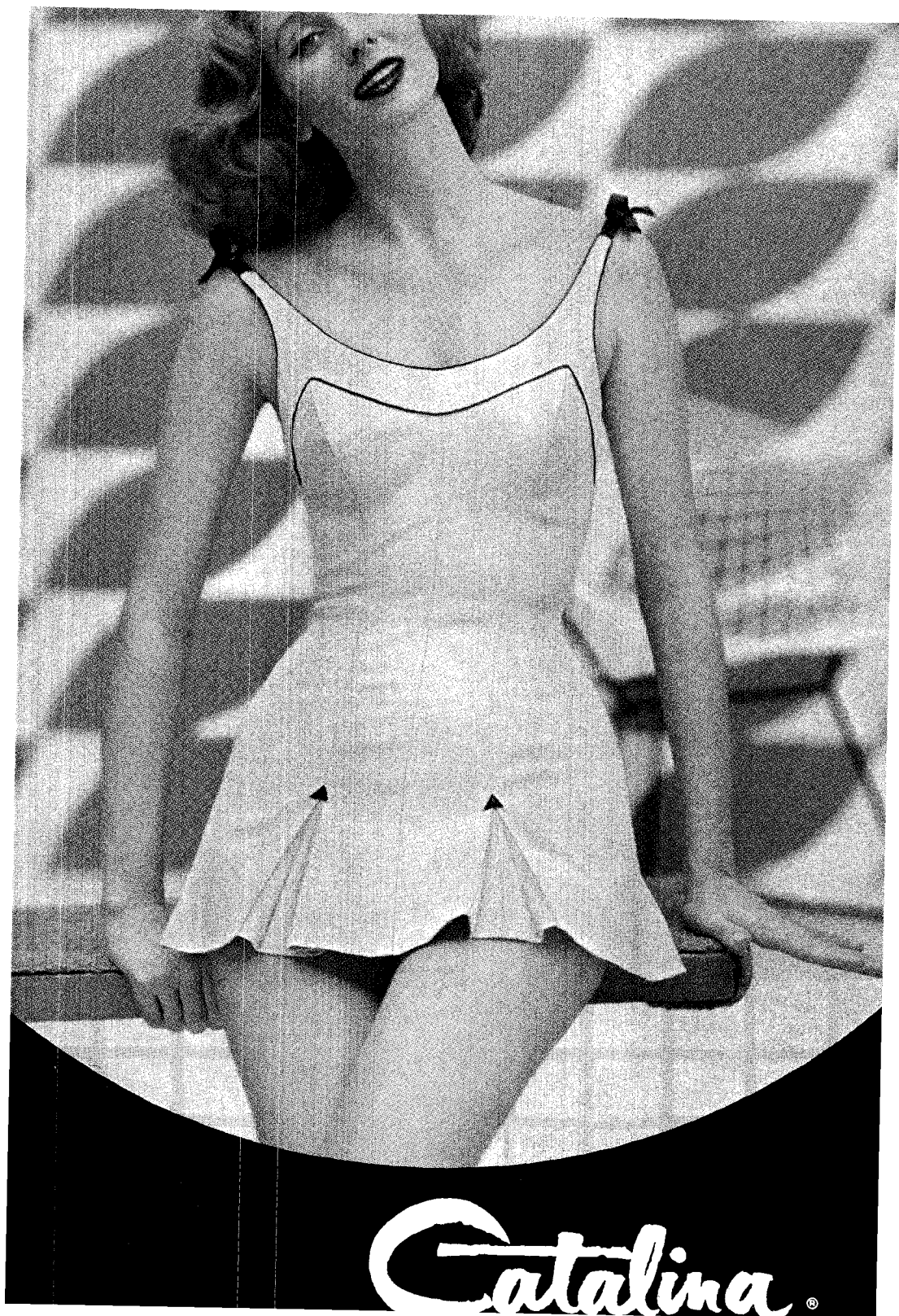
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neath saying where they had been found. They introduced a look of schoolroom squalor.

If that passage pleases you, then all of "The Fountain Overflows" will please you; you have only to surrender yourself to Miss West's imperturbable inclusiveness. Your reward will be to become a member of the Aubrey family, who are already remarkable and will no doubt be even more so as, volume by volume, they proceed to the realization of their gifts. Here their adventures are well begun and their destinies in later life obscurely shadowed forth, but we perceive that many a change of fortune lies ahead. Believe in Mr. Morpurgo, eat your cherry cake, and read on and on until all hours.

ONCE upon a time, a lady showed a philosopher a pleated skirt, and he exclaimed with delight, "The things that could be more and are contented to be less!" In "The Adventures of Augie March," Saul Bellow was busy being more; in the newly published "Seize the Day" (Viking), he is contented to be less. The book is made up of a novella, three short stories, and a one-act play. Mr. Bellow is among the three or four most talented writers to come along in this decade, and the short stories convincingly show off his talent, but they are not very satisfactory in themselves. One of them, "The Gonzaga Manuscripts," is based, as the title hints, on much the same *donnée* as Henry James's "The Aspern Papers;" it is amusing to watch two wholly unlike writers dealing with like materials. As to who wins, the answer in this case is James. The play turns out to be extremely funny as well as painful. Being obliged to quit the apartment in which he and his wife have spent their married life, the tormented hero decides to anticipate the wreckers and start smashing the place to smithereens. Not because he loves it but because he hates it and must get his own back in splintered lath and plaster before it is too late. At first, his wife cannot understand his passion to destroy; in the end she understands only too well and takes a hatchet to their bedroom. "Maybe the best way to preserve the marriage," she says to her husband, embracing him, "is to destroy the home."

The novella, from which the book takes its title, tells of a day in the life of a middle-aged man named Tommy Wilhelm, who has not so much failed as never made good. Wilhelm is big, handsome, blowzy, and hollow. Son of a rich father, he is separated from his wife and children and is constantly being



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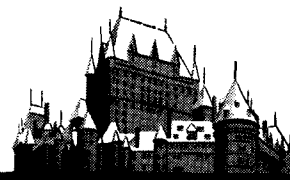
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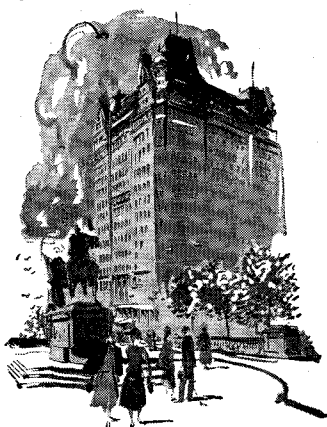
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dunned for their support; is out of work; is without prospects; and is risking his last few hundred dollars in speculation on the commodities market. He has reached the point where he can do nothing but thrash about in his perplexity, try to borrow money from his irritated father, and pray. "Let me out of my trouble," he begs God. "Let me out of my thoughts, and let me do something better with myself. For all the time I have wasted I am very sorry. Let me out of this clutch and into a different life. For I am all balled up. Have mercy."

But God does not hear him and his father continues to rebuff him, and his speculation leads to disaster. We catch our final glimpse of Wilhelm at the coffin of a stranger, in a funeral home he has entered by accident, sobbing his heart out over his plight and yet feeling rather better than usual. For the truth is that Wilhelm is a slob and "Seize the Day" is that unlooked-for triumph, the portrait of a slob. It is a tribute to Mr. Bellow's genius that we consent to go trudging knee-deep through all the accumulated dreariness of Wilhelm's life to perceive this not very majestic truth. In "Seize the Day" Mr. Bellow has created a hell of gross, talkative, ill-dressed nonentities, offensive to look at, offensive to listen to, offensive to touch. But it is a true hell and its denizens are very much alive; against all our wishes, we look at them, listen to them, and reach out and touch them. Someday Mr. Bellow is going to tire of writing sentences like "He had Yankee pot roast, purple cabbage, potatoes, a big slice of watermelon, and two cups of coffee" and "The dead man was gray-haired. He had two large waves of gray hair at the front. But he was not old. His face was long, and he had a bony nose, slightly, delicately twisted. His brows were raised as though he had sunk into the final thought. Now at last he was with it." Someday Mr. Bellow is going to abandon his hell of odious and uninteresting people, and, oh, how willingly we are going to follow him!

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THE HEIKÉ STORY, by Eiji Yoshikawa (Knopf). A fascinating and extremely intricate story of love and war in and around the twelfth-century Japanese Imperial Court. The chief figure in the novel is Kiyomori, who is a member of a warrior clan, the Heiké. We watch Kiyomori rise from his disgraced, poverty-stricken

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Go by Freighter—the pleasant way to travel

WHEN THE travel editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* saw a copy of "Travel Routes Around the World," he wrote: Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its contents. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space to passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the de-luxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

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It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

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Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated with consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On ships with East Indian stewards you will be waited on almost hand and foot, in a manner that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties, says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel, the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses, Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day, and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sports cloths are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for \$160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise, or a leisurely four-month round the world voyage.

The booklet is published by Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, and may be obtained by sending to the publisher. So, when it arrives all you need to do is sit down and take your choice. The booklet lists literally hundreds of ocean trips.

"Travel Routes Around the World" is yours for just \$1, and the big 131 page 1957 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost, plus pages and pages of photos and maps.

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home to a position of immense power, but the fiercer he becomes the more human he seems, for Mr. Yoshikawa also describes this ferocious hero's early confusions, his first love, which became and remained a dream, and his marriage. The author employs what may be the perfect method for a historical novelist. He writes about his people intimately and with sympathy, as though he knew them, but he allows them the dignified perspective that is surely the due of people who lived so long ago and who cannot be described by writers of our time with any certainty. This slight remoteness lends much charm and credibility to his work. Most of the time, his characters can be seen quite clearly, but occasionally they flicker away, to reappear later as alive as ever but always surrounded by an air that seems to be mystery but is perhaps simply their author's altogether proper recognition of their great distance from him, and from us.

THE MERMAIDS, by Eva Boros (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This mild and beautiful story tells of a man's romantic passion for a young and very pretty girl, Lalla, who has suffered from tuberculosis during most of her life and who, at the moment of the telling, is confined to bed in a sanatorium. The man, Aladar, is Hungarian. Lalla is Italian. The scene is Budapest. The development of Aladar's hopeless and not entirely generous love is marvellously well understood and shown, but the pathos of the lovers' final situation depends entirely on the reader's sympathy or lack of sympathy for Lalla, and although some of her capriciousness may be blamed on her disease, she remains too enigmatic, or maybe too artificial, to provoke much feeling one way or the other.

SOME CORNER OF AN ENGLISH FIELD, by Dannie Abse (Criterion). Andrew Henderson, a young R.A.F. doctor stationed at a dull base in the country, drifts helplessly through two messy love affairs—one with the wife of his commanding officer and one with a childish young woman who lives in a nearby town. Mr. Abse's work is vague to the point of carelessness. He makes no apparent effort to complete his book. He merely stops writing and drops the whole thing. But his talent shows in many ways—in his thoughtful understanding of his main characters, and in the effort he makes to discover what they might mean to one an-

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other if even one of them could be brought to a sense of direction. And it shows sharply in certain phrases. He describes "the mangy cat with a piece of thin limp rope in its mouth, a length of pain," continuing, "Rope that in fact was the tail of a mouse. The cat stared at them with silent almond-shaped eyes, as if waiting for a rebuke or praise, with half of the mouse out of sight. . . ."

SUNDAYS FROM TWO TO SIX, by Virginia Abaunza (Bobbs-Merrill). Cody Benson, a nice, well-brought-up, intelligent sixteen-year-old girl, tells about her parents' divorce, and its effect on her life and on the lives of her two small brothers. This is not a lament but an honest and believable attempt to see an unhappy situation clearly, in order to deal with it in the most sensible manner. The writing is competent, and the atmosphere is relieved by the absence of money worries.

COUNT ROLLER SKATES, by Thomas Sancton (Doubleday). This intense novel concerns five years in the life of Count Casimir Poliatoffsky—seaman-wanderer, fake, machinist, religious visionary, and expert roller-skater—who marries a stern, robust New Orleans girl, Hilda Moreau, and unsuccessfully attempts to sink into the busy exasperations of convention. Poliatoffsky's subsequent sprees, debaucheries, and wild dreams are carried out against a rich background of New Orleans lowlife around the time of the First World War, but, unfortunately, the setting seems wasted, for Mr. Sancton, who has labored hard and honestly in this book, never makes up his mind about his hero. One minute he is a funny clown bouncing smartly off the world like a rubber ball, and the next he becomes a kind of sodden Satan, pursued by very real furies that threaten to consume him and that eventually leave the reader not with laughter but with the uneasy feeling that comes from seeing a vigorous individualist inexplicably go sour. A first novel.

THE ETRUSCAN, by Mika Waltari (Putnam). This Etruscan lived tumultuously around twenty-five hundred years ago, and Mr. Waltari has recorded just about every moment of his long, long life.

GENERAL

ATOMIC WEAPONS AND EAST-WEST RELATIONS, by P. M. S. Blackett (Cambridge). The author, a British physicist who was wartime direc-

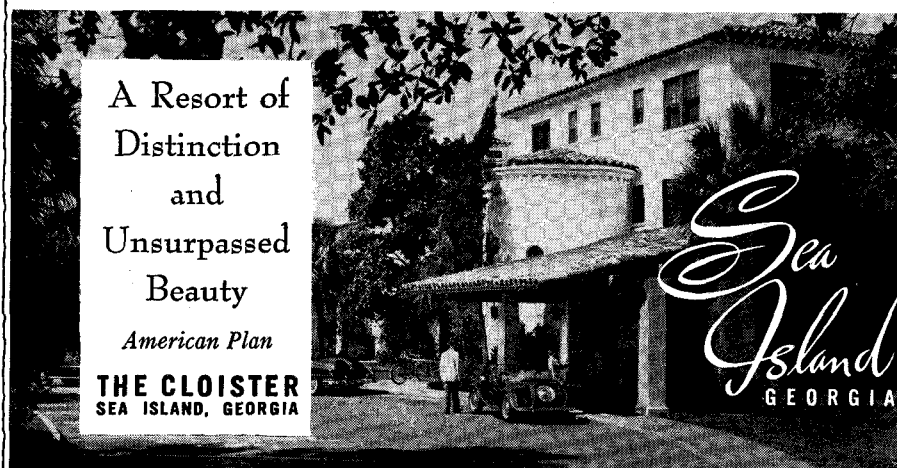
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tor of Naval Operational Research and won the Nobel Prize in 1948, caused something of a stir in that year by his seemingly Russian-oriented criticism of the Baruch Plan and the atomic-energy program of the Western allies. In this small book, which derives from a series of lectures he recently delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, he reviews Western military policy from 1945 to 1956, proceeding from the assumption that, because of the atomic stalemate, total war is very unlikely. (He does think that local, non-atomic wars are as likely as ever.) He rejects "massive retaliation" as being a political slogan advanced by diplomats who themselves no longer consider it valid, and his conclusion is that "we should act as if atomic and hydrogen bombs have abolished total war and concentrate our efforts on working out how few atomic bombs and their carriers are required to keep it abolished." A cogent and thoughtful book.

THE BERNAL DÍAZ CHRONICLES, translated and edited by Albert Idell (Doubleday). Don Bernal Díaz del Castillo, a conquistador who campaigned in Mexico with Hernando Cortés and his little band of godly and greedy men, wrote these chronicles in his old age, and they provide the truest and most nearly complete history of the acquisition of New Spain that we have. This is the first English translation to have been made in fifty years, and it is a good one, free from the cluttered prose that marks the earlier translations and containing a good deal of material that was left out of them as unfit for Victorian readers. Don Bernal was a wonderful journalist, in somewhat the same way Defoe was, with an eye for meaningful detail; his description of a dinner given by Montezuma, who, in deference to his squeamish Spanish guests, refrained from eating the flesh of young boys, and his accounts of the battles and the cynical diplomacy by which Cortés and his captains softened up the Mexican ruler are masterly pieces of writing, making even the best historical fiction seem pale indeed. Maps.

THE ART OF SUCCESS, by the editors of *Fortune* (Lippincott). A study of twenty-one American businessmen who, in the eyes of the writers, have realized the American Dream. The list includes a Texas oilman (Clint Murchison), an automobile manufacturer (Harlow Curtice), a Los Angeles real-estate promoter (John

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Elsbach), various bankers, builders, and entrepreneurs, and the five brothers Rockefeller. Except for the Rockefellers (who, properly speaking, do not belong in this group at all), the men portrayed—and portrayed in the most uncritical prose this side of a political brochure—appear, on the whole, to have a singular interest in just plain acquisition.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LAST ENEMY, by Berton Roueché (Grove). This is the story of the succession of calamities that overtake an innocent man who is accused of murder. Mr. Roueché understands the emotional effect, often pleasurable, that a fugitive has on the people who come in contact with him; he is aware that panic can easily drive a victim of injustice to commit a crime of his own that is very similar to the one he is charged with; and he knows almost all there is to be known about police procedure. He also writes extremely well, and this is a brutal and engrossing book, which has very little in common with the conventional mystery.

DEATH OF A FOOL, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). Miss Marsh has a strong feeling for the bizarre; the characters in this story are chiefly engaged in the production of an English morris dance, a kind of fertility rite that apparently has persisted practically unchanged down through the centuries. The author's research has been impressive, recalling that of Dorothy L. Sayers in "The Nine Tailors," a book about traditional bell-ringing, and her facts, atmosphere, and dialect are all fascinating. The murder takes place during a performance of the old ceremony, and, owing to the fact that all the participants are not only impenetrably disguised but very reluctant to talk about what they are up to, the investigators are seriously handicapped. Inspector Alleyn, however, is on hand, as resourceful as ever, and when he arranges a second showing of the play, the killer naturally betrays himself. A first-rate novelty.

THE CANVAS DAGGER, by Helen Reilly (Random House). Grant Melville, whose success as a portrait painter is not the least mysterious thing about him, is generally believed to have fallen from the fourth story of his Greenwich Village apartment. A bright young lady, however, declines to accept the coroner's verdict, having seen someone else in the room at the time, and away we go. Inspector



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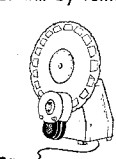
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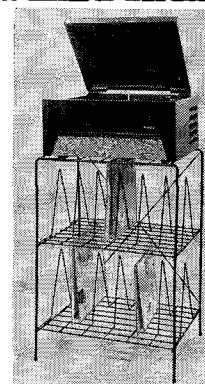
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McKee's investigations lead him from New York to Cape Cod and involve him with a great many people who know quite a bit more than they are telling. As it happens, the heroine's suitor is one of the principal suspects—this evidently being a device that Mrs. Reilly has found no cause to distrust. The ingenuity of the plotting is probably what really matters, and it is remarkably bright and satisfactory, if you have no very severe objection to love.

KILL ONCE, KILL TWICE, by Kyle Hunt (Simon & Schuster). It seems that there is no turning back after you have committed your first crime, and Ronald Kemp, having killed an old lady who kept a fortune in pound notes hidden in her house, is obliged to behave very badly. Mr. Hunt, a writer who has a high opinion of the infallibility of Scotland Yard, disappoints none of his admirers. It is a moderately stirring book.

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Finally, the Cardinal scrawled his name to the trumped-up confessions. First, he resorted to a trick. After "Jozsef Mindszenty," he put the letters "C. F." When interrogated by an alert inquisitor as to the meaning of these letters, Mindszenty explained they were Latin ecclesiastical symbols identifying him as a "Cardinal from the provinces." In reality, they stood for "contra fidem"—"against my will"—to show that they were signed under duress.—*Look*, December 25th.

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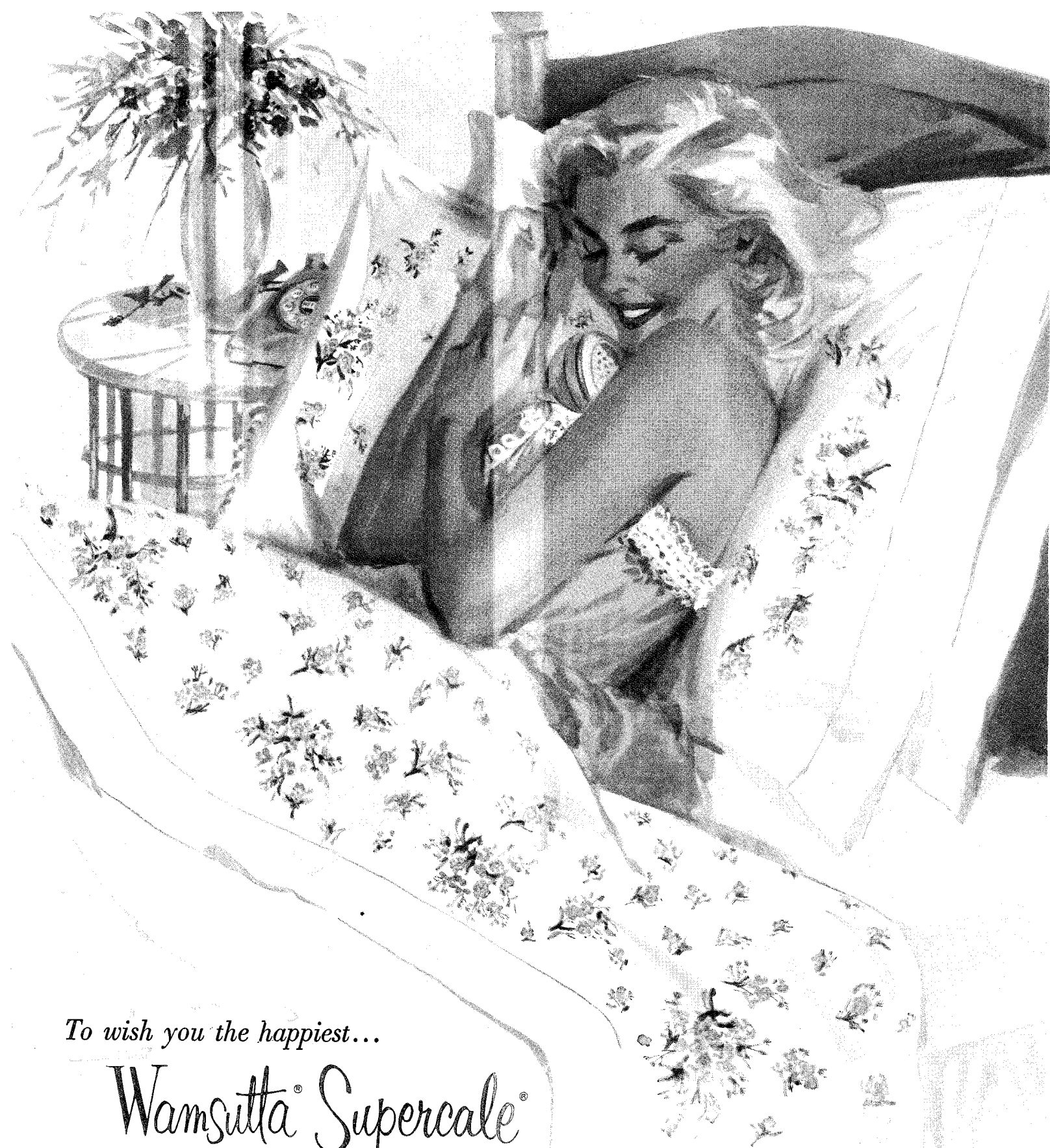
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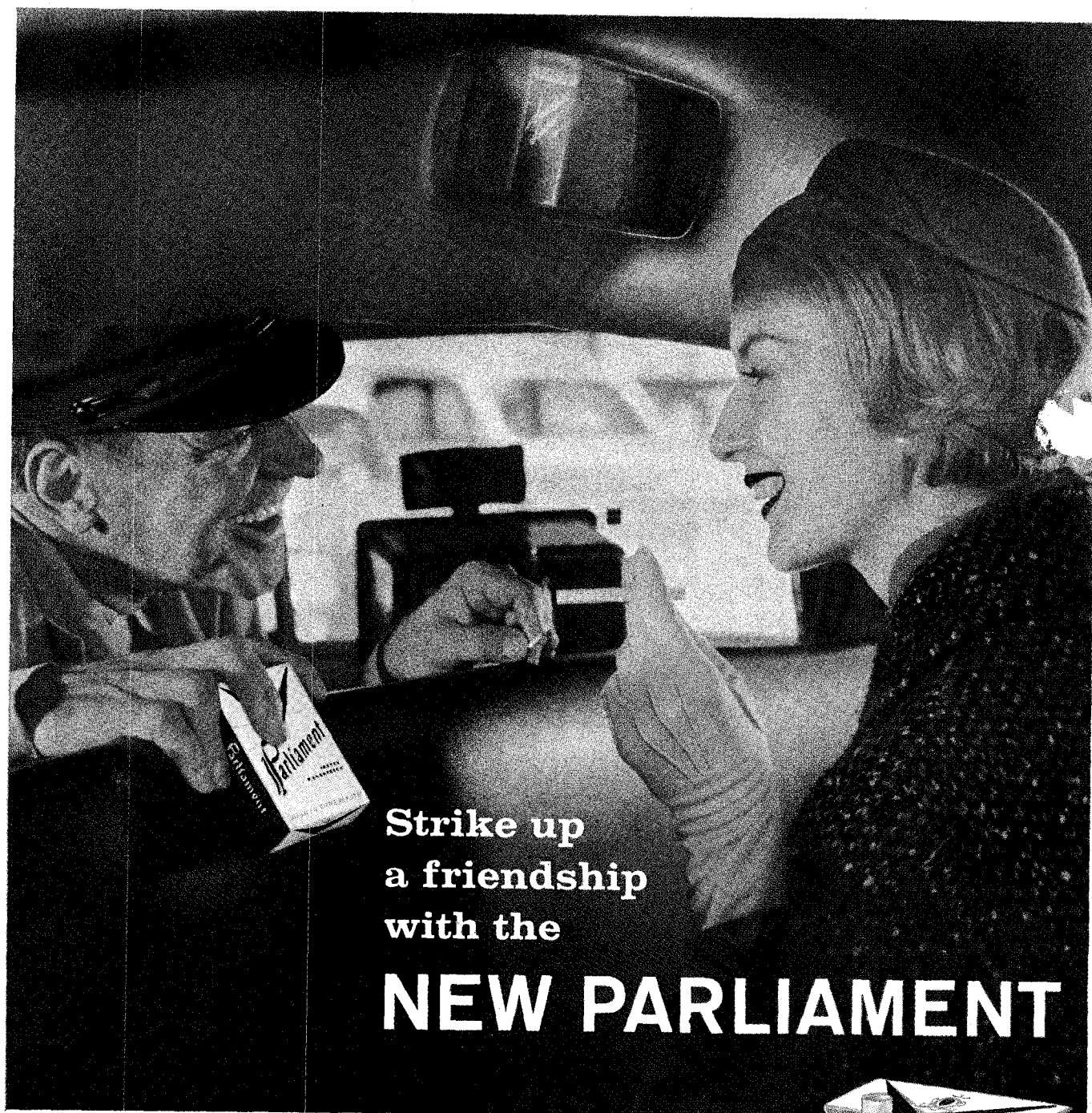
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NEW PARLIAMENT

Happy new smoke . . . with an upbeat flavor!

- LADY:** *Ohh! I forgot my cigarettes. Driver, you wouldn't happen . . .*
- CABBY:** *Sure thing, lady. Try the new Parliament.*
- LADY:** *Thanks. Say, what a handsome box. And a recessed filter, too.*
- CABBY:** *It's a nifty cigarette, all right. It's got expensive tobacco, too. You can tell. Like it?*
- LADY:** *Mmm . . . love it! What a wonderful flavor!*

The filter's right where it belongs

.....
recessed to keep it away from your lips!



NEW LOW PRICE